THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCV.—No. 1234]
AUGUST 10, 1927
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The next number of the Weekly

GRAPHIC

("The National Weekly")

Some Tragedies of the Foreign Legion

By Major P. C. WREN

Bobby Jones on Golf

"Flights Into Antiquity," by Arthur Weigall

The Best and Brightest Pictures from Everywhere

Personalities—Topicalities—Actualities—Sport—Fiction—Americana

"A JOURNAL OF STYLE"

ONE SHILLING TRY THE GRAPHIC ON SALE AUGUST 12

The
BYSTANDER

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"TALES OUT OF SCHOOL"

DUNLOP

THE STANDARD

BY WHICH ALL TYRES ARE JUDGED

FORT DUNLOP, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BRITISH TYRE INDUSTRY

C.F.H.611.

A. E. Johnson

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE—'

'YOUNG AND FAMILIAR FACES ARE MISSING—'

Where are the Boys?

IT is a curious phenomenon of summer school holidays in these days that lots of young and familiar faces are missing for a matter of three weeks or so. The schools are closed, but what has happened to the scholars? If you have pondered on this problem, you have only to turn to succeeding pages of this BYSTANDER.

A Splendid Movement

HERE are pictures of the Public Schools' O.T.C. and Cadet Camps, and when you have looked at them you need no longer wonder what has happened to the boys of the young brigade. It says much for the keenness of these youngsters that they enter so fully into the simple life under canvas when they might be thought to prefer filling our London theatres or crowding our seaside resorts. It is a splendid movement and one that increases in popularity from year to year.

When West is East

I AM one of those people who will try anything once, and so, the other evening, I found myself struggling in a sea of humanity amid the surroundings of the White City intent on seeing this greyhound racing of which we have heard so much. I don't think I have ever struck such a cosmopolitan crowd as that which pours from Wood Lane station on a Saturday night. When Kipling wrote that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet, he couldn't have been to Shepherd's Bush!

When the Tail Wags

FOR real clean, popular sport give me a Saturday afternoon at the Oval, when Surrey have won the toss; when Hobbs has scored a century, and when the tail is wagging to the tune of three runs a minute. This was what happened in the Surrey *v.* Notts match, and I don't think I have ever seen anything quite so exhilarating. Old gentlemen nearly wept with joy as one batsman after another banged the ball to the boundary; 73 runs being scored in the last twenty minutes of that glorious day.

Over at the Oval

I MUST admit that the visitors must have found the gloating of the Surrey crowd a little trying at times. Over at the Oval we are rather apt to let ourselves go in moments of triumph, but you must say this for us:—We *do* barrack our own players if we feel that they need gingering up a bit. And if small boys are a little over-familiar when addressing "Percy" from the gasometer side, we must admit that our captain is a bit of a showman, and a little hero-worship does no harm, anyway.

Coincidence

STRANGE how often a scene in a book or a play coincides with a similar happening in real life. After reading H. Fletcher Moulton's "The Girl He Left Behind Him," which opens with a pillion girl being discovered lying in a country road, I picked up a newspaper and read "Pillion Girl's Road Ordeal: Left Unconscious in Lonely Spot." Which shows that Truth and Fiction can, on occasion, be equally strange.

Happy Snapshots

DURING each holiday season some enterprising photographic firm offers a prize for a happy snapshot. As a rule we

CADETS UNDER CANVAS ON THE PLAIN—

I AM ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO WILL TRY ANYTHING ONCE—

OLD GENTLEMEN NEARLY WEPT WITH JOY AT THE SURREY V. NOTTS MATCH—'

AFTER READING H. FLETCHER MOULTON'S 'THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM'—

'AS A RULE, WE SEE ENDLESS PICTURES OF YOUNG WOMEN WHO GRIN JOYFULLY UNTIL WE WANT TO SCREAM—!'

By David Wilson

HIS "TWELFTH!"—*HIS* "BLUNDER" BUSS!

see endless pictures of young women who grin joyfully until we want to scream, and younger babies of indeterminate sex who make faces at us until we want to slap them. It does not seem to occur to anyone to enter a picture of the man who won the Calcutta Sweep. There *would* be a happy snapshot for you!

Two Late Arrivals

A lift that stuck between two floors was responsible for the late arrival of important documents on the floor of the House of Commons. That's nothing! I remember an occasion when a similar accident resulted in the late arrival of José Collins on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre! We can't let these politicians corner *all* the thrills.

A Musical Squabble

A lively quarrel is proceeding between the musical executant and the musical creator—the man who plays the tunes and the man who writes them. Only recently have the composers combined to get real value for the children of their brains, and there is little doubt on which side of the fence the sympathies of the public will fall. There was never a time when the latest tune was so eagerly demanded, and the dance orchestra that is not in a position to give the public what it wants will soon be playing to an empty floor. I pity the conductor who has to tell a distinguished patron that the niggardliness of his employer prevents him playing "The Birth of the Blues" or some later song success from a current musical show.

Revised Versions

The ring given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex was being sold at Christie's when, according to my evening paper, an American visitor remarked: "I guess that handsome boy knew how to say it to Queen Bess." There is a modern ring about this version of the famous ring story that suggests a rewriting of history, in order to bring it into line with the life of to-day. I should like to read a Yankee version of the love affairs of Bluff King Hal, or hear the King Canute episode told in the vernacular of Palm Beach. American bootleggers might even have their own version of "maudlin Clarence and his Malmsey butt." What publisher will oblige?

Unwelcome Change

The time has come, as the walrus said, to put the new bridge theories to the final test, and many clubmen who welcomed the innovation are already suffering from a change of heart. There was a certain variety about the old calling that is now lacking, and it is surprising how many Americans are cropping up to criticise the innovations for which they were responsible. Beyond the elimination of the familiar "Four Clubs" trap I see no sort of advantage in the change, and I shall not be surprised if we revert to the old order of things when the Portland Club makes its final decision in a month or so from now.

The Temple Fishermen

The other day a curious sight was granted me while spending a tranquil five minutes in Fountain Court, with the cooing of pigeons and plashing of water renewing the envy within my breast of those who have rooms in the Temple. On one of the lawns three silk-hatted and frock-coated gentlemen were gravely discussing the merits of a new fly rod, while in turn they made imaginary casts across the lawn. These pleasant lawns were but an everyday sight to these "three wise men," who seemed eager to convert them into the more turbulent stream of the moorland!

AROUND THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

Photographs

CAPT. BRANDIERE ON MISS AMERICA

L.N.A.

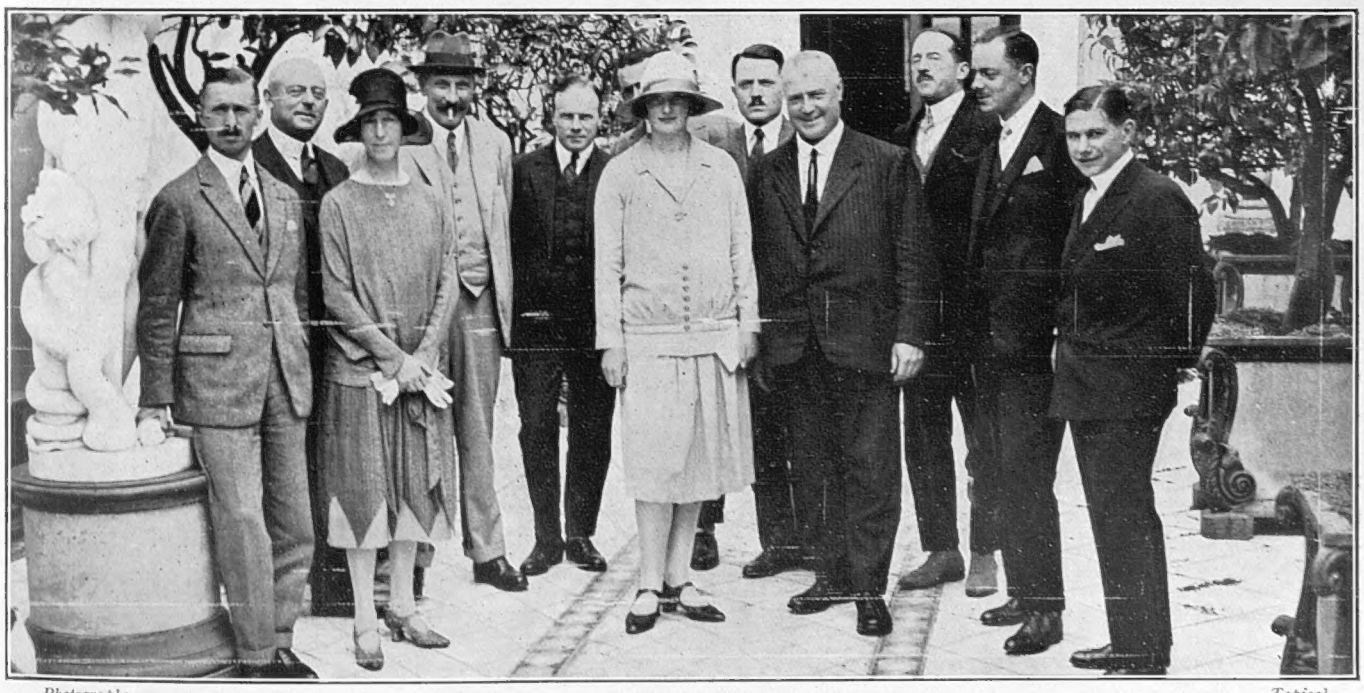
CAPT VON DE WEID ON ROYAL GRIS

Sport and General

Above: LADY NUGENT WITH HER ONE-YEAR-OLD GOLD SPINNER

Left: MR. STERLING, THE U.S.A. MINISTER TO THE FREE STATE (left), AND LORD HOLMPATRICK

Right: THE COUNTESS OF FINGALL AND MR. LESTER



Photographs *Topical*

AN INTERNATIONAL PARTY

Lord and Lady Ardee with officers representing Ireland, Great Britain, Belgium and Switzerland whom they entertained to tea during the Dublin Horse Show. The photograph was taken in the conservatory of their seat, Kilruddery, at Bray

Central News

A ROYAL VISIT

Prince Henry in the lines during his visit to the Public Secondary Schools' Cadet Camp. The boys were camped in the grounds of Wellington College, Berkshire

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Central News

LEAVING "G.H.Q."

The Duke of York leaving his hut during his recent visit to the annual summer camp at Jesson, near New Romney. Four hundred and eighty boys were in camp this year

The Cowes Week

It is common history now that the ex-Kaiser whilst scorning our Army was impressed by our Navy, but he was so jealous and envious of the perfection of Cowes that he tried to overshadow it by Kiel—and failed dismally.

Cowes and an Oxford college lawn, to my mind, always convey the same impression. It is an impression rather difficult to express, but an American once summed it up in a sentence. Looking along the water front at Cowes with its impeccable landing stages, he said: "Gee, it all looks as if it had been here since ever and was hand-polished every morning." Myself, I have for years had a conviction that the landing stages and the promenade are dusted every morning long before anybody is awake.

British Illus.

ROYAL RACEGOERS

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles in the paddock. The photograph was taken at the recent race meeting at Ripon, which drew a large and fashionable attendance

The Victoria and Albert

The Queen does not share the King's devotion to yachting and the sea. So whilst the King is sailing in the *Britannia* Her Majesty goes ashore and makes long motoring expeditions in the Island, on which she pays visits to friends and searches the antique shops for treasures.

Even when the royal yacht is moored in Cowes Roads she has an unpleasant response to the least swell of the water. She always has been rather a bad sea-going boat. The *V. and A.*, as she is known throughout the Navy, is one of the most graceful yachts imaginable, but because of Queen Victoria's insistence upon certain points in its design and a miscalculation she nearly sank when she was launched at Pembroke Dock in 1889. Big alterations were made immediately, but they were not wholly successful. At one time it was a joke in the Navy that the designer had added the date of the year of launching to the yacht's displacement.

But if she is not the best of sea-boats the *Victoria and Albert* within board is a perfect expression of dignified comfort. In comparison with the solid silver fittings of bath taps, door handles, etc., and the gorgeous, if garish, upholstery of the ex-Kaiser's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, and the exotic luxury of the late Czar of Russia's yacht, the *Standart*, the decorations of the *Victoria and Albert* are simplicity itself.

The Queen's bedroom is white with panels of water-colours. The furniture is of satinwood. The King's bedroom is also

in white, but there are no panels, and the furniture, also satinwood, is of a darker tone. From the King's room a short passage leads to his study, in which the chairs and sofa are all covered with blue leather. The drawing-room, which is on the same deck, is furnished in the Sheraton period.

Immediately above the private apartments is the dining-room; and a big room in which guests who come to lunch or dine on board are received. Above, again, is a promenade deck which can be entirely screened from the sun by awnings.

The Flags

THE mere landsman is often puzzled by the different flags flown by the *Victoria and Albert* during Cowes Week. You hear no end of questions on the subject. I have this information from a real live Admiral. At Cowes the *Victoria and Albert* flies the White Ensign at the stern because she is a vessel of the Royal Navy. From the mainmast flies the Royal Standard because the King is on board. From the foremast flies His Majesty's flag as Admiral of the Fleet, and from the mizzen flies the flag of the Rear-Admiral commanding the royal yachts.

So if you were curious at Cowes about those flags now you know all about it.

Most Exclusive Club in the World

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON, which is really the centre of the Cowes Week, is the most exclusive club in the world. No influence, not even that of the Sovereign himself—this was proved during the reign of King Edward—can affect the election of a candidate or prevent his being blackballed.

But last year a big change was made. Until then ladies could only go to the Squadron's lawn in the afternoon to be entertained at tea by members. Now there is a lady's annexe where those who are "eligible for admittance" may be entertained at lunch and dinner as they are in so many London clubs. Even ultra-conservatism must march with the times.

Although more and more women are taking to yachting, there seems no possibility of women being elected members of the Squadron. Princess Beatrice is the only woman member, and that is in her capacity as Governor of the Isle of Wight, which necessitates her being in residence at Carisbrooke Castle whenever the Sovereign is on the Island, or its "adjacent waters."

Photographs

MISS VIOLET GRAHAME

MRS. J. B. FORD

J. C. H. Balmain

MISS BETTY RUMBOLD

Some of those who are driving a long ball at North Berwick

J. Bell

A DOG DAY AT PARKMORE

A group taken at the recent field trials for the Ulster Cup at Parkmore, County Antrim. Mr. J. Cunningham (left), Capt. S. P. Beggs, Miss Gladys Beggs and Mr. E. Gallagher

Central Press

WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET

Lord Fortescue (left) and Colonel Wiggin, the Master, photographed at a recent meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. This took place at Cloutsham Ball

Moy Hall

UNTIL last year the King paid an annual shooting visit from Balmoral to The Mackintosh of Mackintosh at Moy Hall. But last year Moy Hall was let to Lord Wavertree's brother, Mr. Reid Walker, and this year it is let again, this time, so I am told, to Colonel and Madame Balsan.

Madame Balsan, who was the Duke of Marlborough's first wife, I hear, has just sold Sunderland House, in Curzon Street.

A NAVAL WEDDING *Topical*

Mr. John Dent, R.N., of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Betty Harridge-Cayless, of Hayling Island. The wedding took place at Christ Church, Richmond

a house which might have been transplanted from the Champs Elysées quarter in Paris. It was a wedding present from her father, the late Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt.

A Brilliant Career

Last year Colonel and Madame Balsan rented Grantully Castle, Lord and Lady Beatty's place in Perthshire, whilst its owners were yachting in the Adriatic, both convalescing—Lady Beatty after a serious illness, and Lord Beatty after an operation for appendicitis. But this year Lord and Lady Beatty will be at Grantully themselves.

Lord Beatty's career is a romance of the Navy. At twenty-nine he was a Captain, an unusually young age in those times. He is now fifty-six, and has created a record by holding the post of First Sea Lord, which he has just resigned, for a longer period than any of his predecessors. Nor is it usual for the Government to offer its public thanks for his services to a retiring First Sea Lord, but this has been done in the case of Lord Beatty.

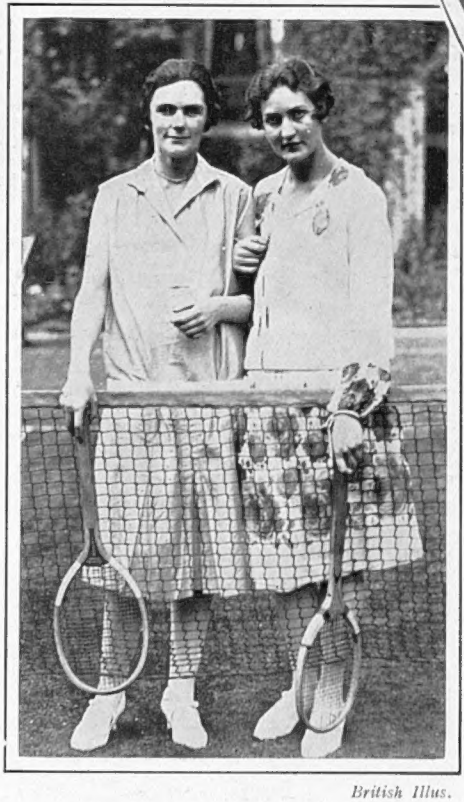
Until they went to the Mall House—the First Sea Lord's official residence—Lord and Lady Beatty's town house was Hanover Lodge in Regent's Park. Now they have a house in Grosvenor Square. Lady Beatty was a daughter of the immensely rich Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago, and she married Lord Beatty twenty-six years ago, the year after his brilliant service as second-in-command of the Naval Brigade at the capture of Tient-sin during the Boxer Rebellion. Besides Grantully Castle they have Brooksby Hall in Leicestershire, and The Priory at Reigate, a delightful place which used to belong to the late Lady Henry Somerset.

Is It Once Too Often?

Although the attitude of Society towards women who have been divorced by their husbands has entirely changed from the old "ostracism for ever" idea, there are still distinctions and differences. One woman will be divorced, marry the co-respondent, and within a few months you will see her name in the lists of guests at balls and parties and at country houses just as if nothing had happened.

Another woman may have precisely the same experience in the Divorce Court and remarry, and, though she may not be absolutely banned, you will find she is not asked to the houses where her "erring sister," as the parsons say, is received. It is difficult to put one's hand on the reason, but myself I am inclined to think that the woman's personality is the deciding factor. If she is a "good sort" and popular, Society stretches the net of making allowances to its widest extent. If she is a "cat" and unpopular, the net is drawn closely together.

A recent divorce raises an interesting question. The lady was divorced by her first husband, and married the co-respondent. Socially, the divorce made no particle of difference, and throughout her second marriage she was received everywhere—except at Court—just as if she had not been divorced at all. Now she has been divorced again, and, personally, I am wondering what attitude Society will take. Will it regard divorce No. 2 as it did divorce No. 1, and still open its doors to the lady, or will it consider a second divorce as once too often?



British Illus.

AN AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

Mlle. Minni Vogt, the daughter of H.E. The Norwegian Ambassador, with her sister-in-law, Mdme. Ginni Vogt. The photograph was taken in the garden of The Boltons, S.W., the Norwegian Ambassador's residence

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Lafayette*

Lieut.-Comm. L. D. Mackintosh, R.N., photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Margaret Elizabeth Darroch, after their wedding at St. Jude's Church, Courtfield Gardens, S.W. Mrs. Mackintosh is the eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Darroch, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Mrs. Darroch, of Red Hatch, Camberley

The Friends of the Poor

Never has there been a period of greater distress amongst poor gentlefolk than now. Even to-day they are reaping the aftermath of the War, and but for the Friends of the Poor, a Society of which the Queen is Patroness and Princess Marie Louise President, many of them would literally starve. The object of the Friends of the Poor is to help deserving people of all classes who have fallen on evil days, people who are not eligible for the dole, and who can so easily fall on difficult times when any sudden illness or other necessity arises: people who would naturally shrink from applying for poor relief.

Every case is personally visited and treated with the utmost sympathy and consideration, and is watched over whilst the need for help remains. Many of the members of the Society take up the cases

of individual people, visiting them regularly and administering any help given. The cases of poor gentle people which come to the notice of these kind and sympathetic folk are often heart-rending, but very often it is found that they are eligible for some small pension or grant which the Friends of the Poor are able to secure for them from other Societies.

Sometimes it is found that by getting into touch with members of their families a small sum can be secured for them and administered for their benefit. The Society finds that people will very often give this kind of help when they do not care to give it directly, or to let the recipient know from whom the help comes.

Coal allowances during the winter months often make the difference between comfort and misery. The work of the Society covers practically every aspect of the trials and difficulties which surround poor gentlefolk. Boys and girls are placed in situations; holidays are provided; assistance is given during illness and convalescence; plain needlework is supplied for poor widows and single women; and more skilled embroideries for disabled workers.

To your Bystander it seems a duty, not a charity, to help those of our own world who are practically destitute through no fault of their own. The work of the Friends of the Poor cannot be carried on without funds. I speak with a full knowledge of the help given by the Society in several distressing cases, so may I ask you, my good people, to be generous and send a subscription to the Honorary Secretary, The Friends of the Poor, 40, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

Pathé Pictures

IN THE DRESS OF YESTERDAY

Lady Cranborne, who was among the many notable people who took part in the recent Tudor Revels at Hatfield. She is seen above as Catherine Parr

Lafayette

AN AUTUMN BRIDE

Miss Elizabeth Innes, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert d'Auvergne Innes, of Cheltenham. Her marriage to Mr. L. V. Crawley-Boevey, only son of Sir Francis and Lady Crawley-Boevey, will take place at Cheltenham on September 24

A GREAT AIRMAN *Russell*

A recent photograph of the late Captain F. L. Barnard, the famous airman, who was one of the greatest British aviators. He met his death under tragic circumstances whilst testing the aeroplane he intended to fly in the King's Cup air race he crashed at Bristol and was killed instantaneously

LADY JANE GREY *Lafayette*

The only sister of the Earl of Stamford, and daughter of Penelope Countess of Stamford. Her engagement to the Rev. Peveril Hayes Turnbull, Rector of St. Cross with Homersfield, was announced recently

At La Baule

THOSE of you who seek fresh resorts on the French coast, and who have not yet made the acquaintance of La Baule, should take an early opportunity of doing so. This *plage* in Southern Brittany—you will find an artist's idea of it on page 263—combines the attractions of bathing from perfect sands, and all kinds of sports, with the best that Paris can produce in the way of concerts and theatrical productions. La Baule is rapidly taking its place in the front rank of those resorts with that indefinable *cachet* which so many places try in vain to achieve.

Fin de Saison

AT one of the last parties of the season—and there was music, too, good music which ought to have "soothed the savage breast"—two ladies who do not love one another met face to face.

"I hear you have been saying horrid things about me," said No. 1 lady. "But I don't hate you for saying them half as much as you think I do."

"I didn't know I was of sufficient importance to be hated by anybody, even by you," retorted No. 2 lady.

Which dame scored?

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR—AT COWES

L.N.A.

THE QUEEN DISEMBARKING FROM THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT

Sport and General

LORD MOUNT EDGCUMBE AND FRIEND

Keystone

LADY MILFORD HAVEN AND SIR GODFREY BARING

Keystone

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

The great festival at Cowes opened under rain-swept skies, but after the first day the weather took a turn for the better. Bright sunshine a popular even

Central News

ROYALTY AT THE WHEEL

His Majesty photographed at the wheel of Britannia. A keen and skilful yachtsman, the King always takes an active part in the racing

L.N.A.

SIR RICHARD BULKELEY, COMMODORE OF THE R.Y.S., AND LADY BULKELEY

Photographs

SIR WILLIAM AND LADY PORTAL, MRS. EVAN THOMAS AND THE MISSES BETTY AND MARY MONCK

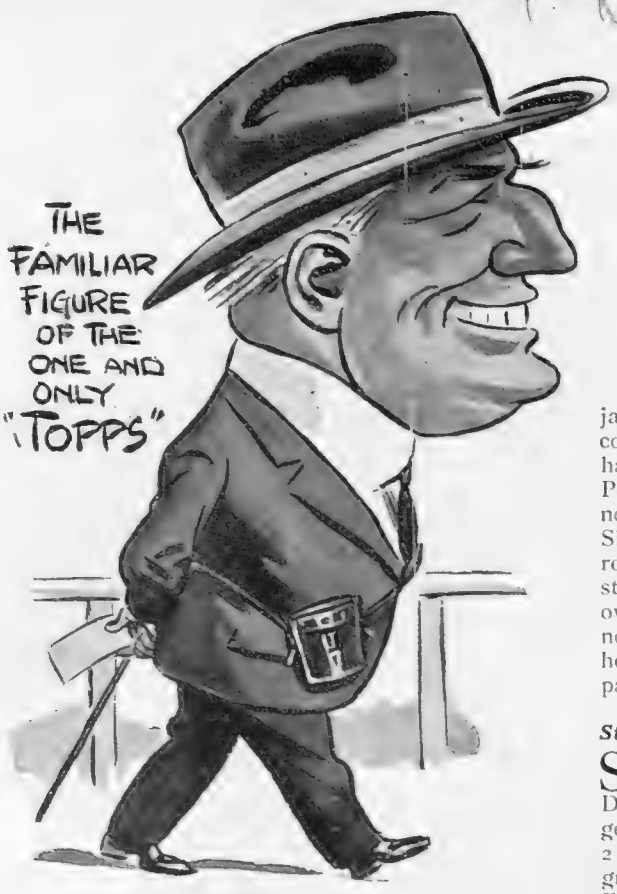
Sport and General

LADY MAINWARING AND THE HON. MRS. HENRY FANE

a Royal victory cheered up the hundreds who assembled for Cowes Week, and it was abundantly proved that this is still one of the most of the Season

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*



Autumn Puzzles

With no fewer than 121 entries for the Cesarewitch, and 86 for the Cambridgeshire, one is inclined to shirk the task of trying to find a likely double before the appearance of the weights early next month. In both events nearly all the leading stables are represented by four or five horses, and the man who attempts to forestall the handicapper and the trainers and owners concerned is a bold individual. Two trainers who have often managed to produce a strongly fancied Cesarewitch candidate in the past are Peter Gilpin and Reg Day. The former has already carried off this big prize on three occasions, but if he is to repeat those successes this year it will have to be by means of Finglas, who is the only representative of the Clarehaven stable.

The Cesarewitch

I had expected Bonny Boy II to be engaged from this establishment, but he is a notable absentee from the entry. He seems to be doing plenty of good work with Gilpin's team, and it is probable that he will be wanted for the St. Leger. Another colt who may take a prominent part in the last of the season's classic races is found in the Cesarewitch entry. I refer to Chantrey, but in view of his other engagements I expect that something else will do duty for the Manton stable in the handicap. A filly to whom I am decidedly partial is Fridoline. You will not forget the runaway style in which she scored at Ascot. Lord Rosebery's filly has not been seen out since then, but she stays so well that if a fair weight is allotted to her she will probably have something to do with the finish of the long-distance handicap.

Unlucky Sickle

It is noticeable that Sickle has been nominated for the Cambridgeshire, but at the moment his future appears to be somewhat unsettled. He is surely the unluckiest of the high-class three-year-olds. He was unable to do himself justice in the Derby owing to a badly jarred pastern-joint. Recovered from that trouble, he has now gone amiss again. Perhaps by the time these notes reach their readers Sickle will have resumed regular work, but the latest stoppage is disturbing to his owner and trainer, who cannot afford to lose any time if he is to do a conventional preparation for the St. Leger.

St. Leger Favourite

Some of the bookmakers are quoting prices on the Doncaster race. They are generous enough to offer 5 to 2 about Book Law. I have a great opinion of this filly. Both of her performances at Goodwood were full of merit, and she seems to be training on to be the best of her age and sex. I should be loath, however, at this distance and time to accept such scanty odds about Book Law for the St. Leger as are now being offered. I would much rather wait and take 6 to 4 about her on the day of the race. Much may happen between now and the Doncaster meeting to cause the St. Leger to assume a much more open appearance than it bears at present. For example, Hot Night may come out at York and win in sparkling fashion. If that should be the case there will be a rush to get on to Sir Victor Sassoon's colt for the classic race a fortnight later.

Will Delius Atone?

There are so many good horses in the Cambridgeshire that it is difficult at this early stage to form a preference for any individual entry. I have an idea that Delius, who disappointed most of us so badly in this race twelve months ago, will have to be seriously reckoned with. So far he has generally run well without being quite good enough to win. The same owner is also represented in the Cambridgeshire by Inca, who is certain to pick up a good race or two before the season is over. Embargo is another candidate for this handicap who is sure to be a popular fancy. He seemed to be rather lifeless when he was beaten out of a place at Goodwood, but a rest of a month or two should do wonders for this exceptionally good horse.

This Week's Meetings

The pleasant round of North Country meetings has now started. Last week the fixtures were Ripon and Thirsk, while during the present week the Redcar meeting engages attention. Its chief event, the Redcar Handicap on Saturday, may be won by **Blueberg,** who will probably be better suited by this galloping course than that at Liverpool. Good racing is in prospect at Kempton Park in the middle of the week. The Greenwood Plate on Wednesday looks like proving an interesting puzzle for backers. I am inclined to favour the prospects of **Jamnagar.** On the second day the sprint for the Princess Stakes may be won by **Gliding Orb,** who showed up well for some distance in the Stewards' Cup. At Windsor the Castle Handicap on Friday may be won by **Blackness,** who was a real bargain to Mr. Gerald Deane when he bought her out of a selling race in France. On the following day the Windsor Summer Handicap may go to **Halalie.**

In the Saddle in Three Countries

PASSING THE POST

Sir G. Bullough's Valois (C. Elliott up) winning the North Surrey Handicap Plate from Despatch and The Cheetah in the rain at Sandown Park. Elliott's clever riding contributed largely to the victory of Valois

THE DISTAFF SIDE IN ACTION

The finish of the Ladies' Plate at the Chertsey Sports. Miss Wilson is seen riding Miss Morrison's Peter to victory

A GOOD CLEARANCE

A competitor clearing a wall in good style at the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show. It took place recently at Swansea

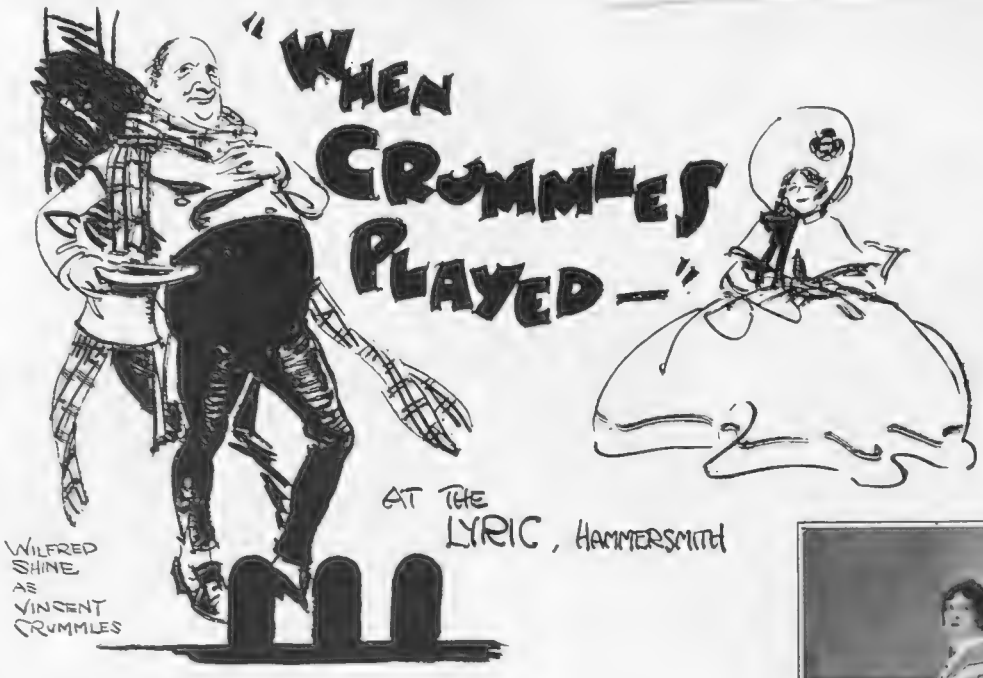
UP AND OVER

A photograph from the Co. Wicklow Agricultural Show recently held at Bray, Wicklow. Mr. F. Clarke is seen clearing an obstacle on Spider

Photographs G.P.U. and Topical

PRIZE WINNERS AT WICKLOW

The Hon. Mr. Justice Wylie presenting rosettes to winners of the High Jump at the Co. Wicklow Agricultural Show. The photograph shows Capt. E. B. de Fontblanque 1st Prize winner (left), Mrs. Marshall and Capt. J. Hume Dudgeon



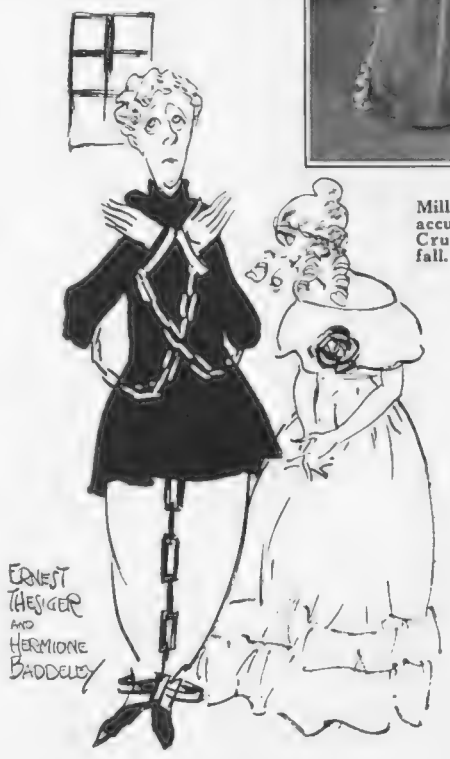
Produced June 2, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

IN his introductory notes to this very original Production Mr. Nigel Playfair is at pains to emphasise the point that the entertainment is not intended for the archæologists. But that has not prevented the pundits from digging into history and explaining to us exactly why we ought to be amused with Mr. Crummles. They have dug down to locate the cause of our mirth very much, as it seems to me, in the spirit of the small boy who slits his drum open to see where the noise comes from. As I judge, it is the business of a play to be superficially amusing, and it ought not to be required of audiences that they be primed up beforehand with dispensable erudition in order fully to appreciate the cleverness of the imitation.

THE Prologue introduces us to Mr. Vincent Crummles as we know him in the pages of Dickens, together with his family, including the Infant Prodigy, most skilfully represented by Miss Hermione Baddeley. From this scene we pass on to the play of the evening: *George Barnwell; or, The London Merchant*, by Mr. George Lillo. This Tragedy was, in ancient times, a necessary part of the repertory of every company of barnstormers; and it can be readily understood that when the unctuous Vincent Crummles took the thing in hand the stilted lines came easily to the mouthing elocution of himself and his family. Mr. Nigel Playfair seems terribly learned in ancient theatrical lore, and, whether he spurn the archæologists or not, he has made some amazingly good guesses as to how Mr. Crummles would probably have produced the quaint old play.



TO the modern theatre-goer the acting of the company seems more like the miming of marionettes worked by strings than the natural expression of the emotions which we look for to-day. This is, no doubt, the effect designedly aimed at, and as such it should be vastly entertaining to the friends of the curious. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that this statuesque posing becomes a little monotonous by repetition. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who is both the hero and the villain of the piece, seemingly accentuates this artificiality on purpose, as if every change of movement or attitude were made in response to the word of command of a drill-sergeant in the wings. For a single Act or so the idea is mildly amusing, but spread over three Acts of ten scenes the humour becomes delicate to the degree of anæmia.

MR. WILFRED SHINE, as the immortal Crummles, allows himself more latitude, possibly as the result of the probable terms of the managerial contract in the case. At the conclusion of each of his melodramatic speeches he walks down to the footlights to invite applause from the gallery in the most expectant transpontine manner. On other occasions when he has mouthed some commonplace axiom the very efficient orchestra rounds off his periods, as it were, with a few jerky notes of music that produce an extremely droll effect. This must have been Mr. Crummles to the life, and I am sure that if there had been any limelight in his day he would have wanted all there was of it.

VILLAINY BROUGHT TO BOOK *Lenare*

Millwood, alias Mrs. Vincent Crummles (Miriam Lewes), accuses the young apprentice George Barnwell, alias Master Crummles (Ernest Thesiger), of encompassing his own downfall. She has, however, the privilege of joining him in the retribution scene on the scaffold

THE play is by way of being a Moral entertainment. As most people know, it tells the story of a very, very innocent young man who fell into the toils of a designing woman for whose sake he committed theft, and finally even murder. And now and again the course of the story is interrupted so that the unhappy victim of his own faults may stride down to the footlights and exhort the audience to be warned by others' harm, or else there is no knowing where they may expect to go to. But the young people have never had any use for good advice, and the old have lived long enough to know the futility of

AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE MURDER — THE FAMOUS TERPSICHOREAN TRIO

it. Young men nowadays do not need to commit murder to gain a feminine smile when the end in view can be achieved with less trouble by the simple gift of a box of fancy chocolates.

S

THE designedly artificial note in the acting is well exemplified in the Murder scene. George Barnwell waits for the arrival of his uncle, who frequents a "landscape" in the cool of evening for pious meditation. George, masking himself for no particular reason (since dead men tell no tales), taps his victim lightly with a dagger, and the murder is done. Uncle falls leisurely to the ground, and, having piously invoked the Divine blessing on his nephew and forgiveness for his murderer, dies as per the written script of the part. Then, after George has expressed proper contrition and remorse for his foul deed, the corpse rises to its feet, and, taking the murderer's hand affectionally, bows his acknowledgments to the house. This is, no doubt, historically correct, and is probably better art than our own method of having the remains removed by supers till the end of the Act. After all, we know that a murder has only been acted, and once the effect has been produced the victim is entitled to expect immediate applause for his share in the scene.

S

THE Vampire of the play is represented by Mrs. Vincent Crummles, better known to us as Miss Miriam Lewes, who declaims the most ordinary lines with the true emphasis of the barnstormer who can never at any time be natural. Miss Lewes seems to have been allowed a little more freedom of expression than most of the other members of the Crummles Company, and now and again she succeeds in making Mrs. Millwood, the "Vamp" in question, a living creature. Similarly, Miss Nadine March, as the lady's serving maid, breaks away from her wooden postures with marked success as she gives us a picture of the grief of George after he has been driven to crime by the snaky fascination of his inamorata. It is a remarkable piece of declamation, because, while the tragedy of it is patent enough, it is rendered in a subdued spirit of burlesque just to show us that it is not meant to be taken seriously. Throughout the production there seems to be a burning anxiety to impress upon us the fact that George Barnwell is not really a thief and a murderer, but is only pretending to be that sort of person for our entertainment. Also, at the conclusion of the Murder scene, and before the Act in which the criminal is taken to the scaffold, the audience is brightened by a "Skipping Rope Hornpipe," in the course of which the "Vamp," soon to be seen on the scaffold, appears in spangled tights, and, after some very adroit skipping, turns joyously head-over-heels on her way off the stage. JINGLE.

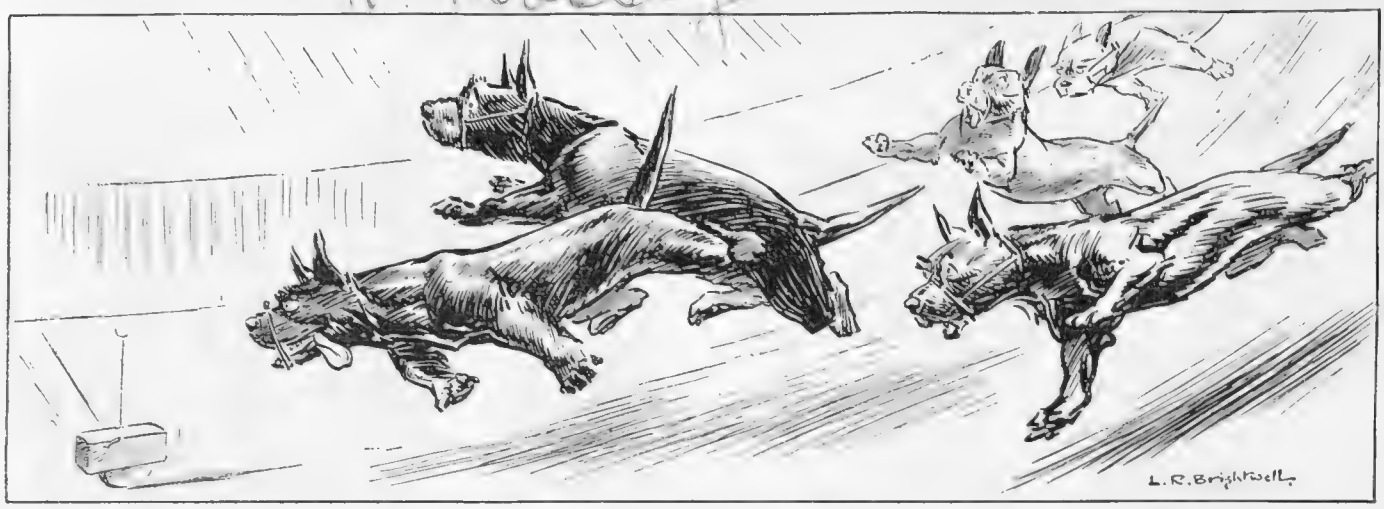
GEORGE BARNWELL (ERNEST THESIGER) AND MRS MILLWOOD (MIRIAM LEWES)

HALLWELL HOBBES AND NADINE MARCH.

MISS BRAVASSA (MARIE BRETT-DAVIES) AND MR FOLAIR (HARRY HILLIARD) SING "AN ODE TO AN EXPIRING FROG"

THE CRUMMLES COMPANY AT LARGE *Lenare*

Master Crummles (Ernest Thesiger) and Master P. Crummles (Richard Goolden) cross swords at a rehearsal of the Crummles Company. Nicholas Nickleby (Robert Haslam) and Smike (Hector McGregor) are interested spectators



By L. R. Brightwell

ANOTHER SLIGHT TO SCOTLAND

It is alleged that Aberdeen terriers are being trained to chase an electric threepenny bit

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

Last week a London merchant left his wallet in a cab. The driver, inadvertently, went off with the whole taxi-caboodle

. . . . . .

Miss Fannie Ward says everyone ought to drink two quarts of water per day. But what is one to mix with it with whisky at its present price?

. . . . . .

Sixteen years ago Earl Balfour said he intended to retire. He has out-done most of our aged star actors' resolutions.

. . .

Piccadilly, it is said, will be "up" for three months. Isn't it time for our council authorities to "mend their ways?"

. . .

To William

Like billyoh, I went the pace.
I cannot pay my debts, and so
I'll emulate your method, and,
Like Billy, owe!

. . .

Chess is admitted to be the slowest of all games. It seems impossible for the players to get a move on.

. . .

"Barbara, what are you making eyes at that man for?"

"It's all right; I'm merely drawing a beau at a venture!"

. . .

"It's a silly thing to back jockeys' mounts. Why do you do it?"

"Oh, only for a Wragg!"

Stage Silhouettes

(Mlle. Delysia.)

I heard a Cockney in the street
(Within the early part of this year)
Remark, "Koo, blimey, can yer beat
This 'ere Delysia!"

. . . . . .

To-day's reflection:—How on earth can you keep 'em down on the farm when everyone is down on the farmer?

. . . . . .

Perhaps

From excavations in Arabia an American scientist deduces that golf originated there.

I've read this chatty column on
The land that bred the famed Queen Sheba,
But did this spouse of Solomon
Ever delight to hit the wee ba'?

It is said that, at a certain London restaurant, the waiters have been instructed never to take back a steak if the customer has bent it.

. . . . . .

"Waiter!"

"Yessir?"

"Take this pineapple salad back; you've frittered it away."

. . . . . .

Oft for my sins have I sat in a
Stall at a musical matinée,
And heard funny blokes
Crack the dullest of jokes,
While the star of the cast warbled flat
in "A"!

. . . . . .

It is said that the Socialists will be nervous of taking office when next they have the chance. Doubtless, they remember the "capital" blunders they've made.

. . .

"Look! Something's happened to Betty's bathing costume."

"Yes; it looks as though she is coming in with the untied.

. . .

"Why is the Channel always called the mother of all misfortune?"

"Possibly because she is the *mal de mère*!"

. . .

It was at lunch that her mother had told her how the famous heroine had launched the boat and rowed to the shipwrecked crew's assistance.

After listening in bored silence, her five-year-old remarked, "And now, may I say Grace darling?"

By Lunt Roberts

TOO DEEP FOR WORDS!

"Don't be discouraged. You can't expect to be an expert right away. You must begin at the bottom"

Crabbing Their Style

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Toeing for crabs at any seaside resort during the holiday months

In the Limelight

Pauline Portraits

MISS SHEILA MACGREGOR

Who plays the part of the maidservant in that successful comedy, "The Happy Husband," which is doing big business at the Criterion Theatre. She bears a striking resemblance to another talented young actress, Miss Gwynne Whitby

"'If you were a bit lighter,' I said, 'and I were a bit bigger . . .'"

CONSCIENCE

By OWEN OLIVER

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

"TALKING of conscience," said the Purser, "I once knew a case of it."

He was entertaining us in his office and cabin, after the lights were out in the smoking-room. Henderson had saved 4s. by his opponents failing to notice an unintentional revoke. He insisted upon paying that sum over to a Seamen's charity. That's how we came to conscience.

"A woman?" Read asked.

"The proprietor was a man; and I shouldn't have suspected him; fat Jew about fifty; name of Levy; in the superior moneylending line; called himself a financial agent. I don't know anything about him except from himself; and I only spoke to him for longer than a minute once. Then we had a row."

"You objected to his conscience, naturally," Davis suggested.

"No. He objected to mine. We were coming home East Coast full up; but at Mombassa we squeezed a chap in. The doctor only gave his mother three months, and she had cabled for him. Levy had a reserved cabin. I told him that, under the circs., he must take the man in. He called me all the words out of the dictionary, and took me before the Captain."

"I don't see the conscience in that."

"It isn't. It's in this diary of his. He gave it to me as a parting present. You'll find the conscience, if you like to skim through it. . . . Begin here; May 14th."

We crowded together at the Purser's desk and read the diary.

14 *May. Sun Rises* 4.13. *Sets* 7.41.

The Captain is a worse scoundrel than the Purser. He distinctly gave me to understand that they would keep the bargain to reserve my cabin; but when I went to it upon leaving Mombassa I found a stranger there unpacking his kit. It's no use going to the Captain again, as he was so unpleasant yesterday; but I shall complain strongly to the Company when we reach home, and, if I don't overrate my influence, there'll be trouble for Captain Almighty and Purser Two-Face!

Fortunately the man is inoffensive and deferential; hard-up, judging by his kit. He's the sort of person I don't lend to, so it will be no use his trying that on. I seem to remember his face when he was younger, but can't place him.

15 *May. Sun Rises* 4.11. *Sets* 7.42.

I can't make the man out. He says that he went to the dogs through cards and a moneylender. Apparently he has no profession now, or one too shady to mention. I strongly suspect that he is a fugitive from justice. Nice cabin-companion to have forced upon one! He seems to stay in my cabin all day to escape observation. I haven't once seen him on deck or in the dining-saloon; but that is full, so probably he messes with the junior officers. I still can't place my recollection. He says that he, too, feels as if we had met before.

16 *May. Sun Rises* 4.10. *Sets* 7.44.

I have placed the memory; Harvey!

Like a fool I let out who he reminded me of. I was struck silly for the moment when it flashed upon me. Of course, I didn't give any particulars, but he saw that the memory was unpleasant; probably fancied I'd pay him to clear out of my cabin; rubbed his hands like Harvey used to, and grinned like he did.

"You must have been fond of your friend for his memory to touch you after so many years," he suggested, rubbing and rubbing his dammed hands. "Nice chap, eh?"

"He wasn't a friend," I said, "and I hated the blackguard. He 'touched' me all right, for six hundred and thirty."

"Hasn't he the money to pay?" he asked.

"Pay! He's dead!"

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"What did he die of?"

I lost my temper, and went out and slammed the door.

The likeness is considerable. The man is just what I should expect Harvey to have become after going to the dogs for ten years.

I wonder if the man's some relative? Cousin, say? Out to try to blackmail me by bringing up that business? Very likely in league with the Purser. I mistrust that sleek scoundrel instinctively.

17 *May*. *Sun Rises* 4.9. *Sets* 7.45.

It is blackmail. He is showing his hand gradually.

"Is your name really Collins?" I asked him, when we were undressing last night.

"You can see my birth certificate if you like," he offered. "Arthur, son of John Collins and Mary Collins, maiden name Harvey."

"Harvey!" I shrieked.

"Harvey! Thought you wouldn't like the name. The Purser——"

"I knew he was in it," I snapped.

"He says there was a chap of that name jumped overboard going home from Durban in the *Moonstone* about ten years ago."

"What's that to do with me?"

"His cabin-mate was named Levy."

"I wasn't the Levy," I shouted.

I didn't see how they could prove it.

"A cousin, perhaps, eh?"

He had abandoned his deferential manner; become bullying.

"At this moment," I said, "there's a man in prison for trying to blackmail me. . . . Look here! Five hundred and no prosecution for you if you give me enough evidence to convict the Purser."

I felt sure he was at the bottom of the business.

"So you *are* the chap, eh? I suppose the letter that Harvey wrote to the girl was correct, wasn't it?"

"How do I know what he wrote?"

"She told my mother—her aunt—that the Captain read it to you; and said that he'd like to hang you at the yard-arm. I understand the case was this: You laid out to ruin Harvey; enticed him into playing poker with you and some sharps; winked at their cheating and winning heavily from him; encouraged him to keep on; lent him money to do it; told him you were a rich man, and wouldn't bother him for it. When it had got to six hundred pounds——"

"Six hundred and thirty."

"And how do you know the precise amount, Mr. Some-other-Levy? . . . Then you demanded it; told him he'd be a social outcast if he didn't pay his debts of honour; offered to forgive them if he 'stood out' with the girl aboard that you were both after. He pleaded that you couldn't want to win her like that; and you told him that you had trapped him with that very object! . . . Well, you lost her; and you'll never get her. She's married. Three children. Put that in your pipe."

"And smoke it with pleasure," I hissed. "I saw her two years ago; lost most of her looks; anæmic! Not worth six hundred and thirty pence."

"Her husband values her at a good bit more, though; and you did! Just shrivelled up under her contempt, she said. You'll never quite forget what she said to you, eh? Or the Captain? Or——"

I put on my dressing-gown and rushed out of the cabin and spent the night on the deck, for fear I might strangle him in his sleep.

What am I to do?

18 *May*. *Sun Rises* 4.7. *Sets* 7.46.

The plot thickens; and the Purser *is* in it. He spoke to me this morning about sleeping on deck. (I didn't sleep, as a matter of fact.)

"There are easier ways of going to judgment than fever," he said, and laughed! "What's the use of a two-berth cabin to a man who won't use one berth?"

"Have you a conscience?" I asked.

He looked surprised . . . stared at me . . . sniffed . . . shook his head. (I had taken some brandy to pull myself together.)

"At this time in the morning!" he growled, trying to turn it off. "It doesn't do in the tropics. The worst road to judgment is *viâ* D.T. Try another. I speak as a friend, Mr. Levy."

I looked at the sea, and then at him.

"If you were a bit lighter," I said, "and I were a bit bigger, and we were a step nearer the hand-rail . . ."

"Don't make a fool of yourself over a poor chap needing a berth to get home to his dying mother," he said, and walked on; and two girls came out on deck. "There's the dear old Purser!" one said. "He's a perfect old fat angel!" said the other; and they ran after him calling out "Pursie, darling!" That's the sort of man he posed as. "Conscience!" Hypocritical swine!

19 *May*. *Sun rises* 4.6. *Sets* 7.48.

I have refused to speak to Collins today. To-night I took my blankets and pillows out on deck, but the Quartermaster sent me back. "No sleeping on deck, sir. Captain's orders." I suppose he's in it too. They want to upset my mental balance till I'm prepared to pay anything.

When I got back he seemed to be asleep. I undressed in the dark and went to bed. . . . And then he sat up and talked to me like Harvey had done. . . .

"Mr. Levy? You can't mean it. It's too awful. You said you wouldn't press me; and if you do I'm done. . . . Sir, I haven't the money left to pay my tips even; and my father is only a country vicar; deucedly hard up. His money all goes in sending us boys to school. They haven't really enough to eat sometimes. . . . You know I can't let you tell father; but to give up Grace! Sir, I'm *mad* over her; and she—she—I think she likes me. I'd pay you back in time; every penny . . . Mr. Levy, for the love of God——? I can't *stick* it. If I take the I.O.U.s back and give her up, I shall jump over the side. . . . 'As I prefer.' Oh, sir!"

I said nothing; and he went to sleep again. I realised that the plot was deeper than I had thought. My cabin steward in the *Moonstone* must have overheard the conversation, and reported it to Harvey's family. Evidently they had been tracking me for years; got in touch with the Purser and bought him over. . . . More probably the steward reported the conversation to him and *he* is the instigator of the whole affair. It isn't so easy to deal with him as with Collins. *He* was a slight man, and asleep in my cabin, so I have done the obvious thing; strangled him, and put him out into the sea through the port-hole. But the Purser is six feet one, and weighs sixteen stone eight; boasts of it. He locks his cabin, because the safe is in it. I might get in through the port-hole; but, even if I overcame him, I couldn't get him out. Besides, I'd probably wake him getting in. He might knock me about a good deal; and then I should have a long and anxious period of suspense before I was hanged; which my family would consider discreditable. I prefer to drown; and shall jump overboard to-night.

But the Purser shall not escape unpunished. He talks of conscience. So he probably has one. I shall drop this diary through his port-hole; and jump opposite it at dawn. Whenever he looks out his conscience will see me there. . . . It's the 20th really. Anything for the next page? . . .

20 *May*. *Sun Rises* 4.4. ~~*Sets* 7.49.~~

My dying curse on the Purser.

"I didn't show the diary to anyone but the Captain," the Purser remarked. "He said, 'No use talking about it. Your conscience won't trouble you.' It doesn't; but possibly I haven't one."

"Who *was* the man you put in Levy's cabin?" I asked.

"That's the curious thing about it," the Purser said. "There *wasn't* any man! We put the chap who came on at Mombassa—name of Pleydell—with the 2nd Engineer. Collins only existed in Levy's conscience. That's how I make out that he had one!" O. O.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE

A sunny corner of the *plage* at La Baule, where the season is now at its height. This resort in South Brittany is becoming increasingly popular as visitors discover its many attractions

"SO THIS IS

A. E. Johnson

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

HIS IS SUMMER!"

No. 4.—LORD DURHAM'S BAY FILLY, BEAM (by Galloper Knight—Mistrella), with her trainer, MR. FRANK BUTTERS, Stanley House, Newmarket

Although he has been in charge of racehorses for more than [illegible] years, it was not until Beam won the Oaks this season that Lord Durham gained his first classic success.

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

Just before they go off for their holidays the dramatic critics of Paris like to indulge in a retrospect of the season. I suppose it eases their consciences because they are enabled to correct judgments hastily written on first nights, which so frequently prove to be wrong in so far as they are anticipations of public favour

"Hours of perplexity before their wardrobes"

or disfavour. Anyhow, their end-of-season reflections are generally much sounder. On this occasion the verdict is rather severe: that while there was an abundance of plays they were worth very little.

So far as French plays are concerned there will be no need to remember the 1926-27 season; it will leave no trace. But there is one feature of the season which is very consoling to British residents. That is the success of British plays in Paris. It has long been the fashion among Paris critics to scoff at British dramatic productions as being all of a namby-pamby character only fit for girls' school prize distributions. Yet British plays have been easily the first favourites with the French public, particularly the French versions of *Outward Bound* and *Rain*, while successes were attained by Mr. Shaw's *Great Catherine* and *St. Joan*, and Jerome's *Fanny and the Servant Problem*.

Yet still more satisfactory to the British colony is the fact that we now have an English Repertory Theatre which promises to rank with the finest in Britain for the quality of acting and excellence of choice in material. The English Players, who took over the little Albert I. Theatre and conquered difficulties which had proved too much for numbers of capable predecessors, have triumphed wonderfully, and now have an amazingly extensive repertory. Within a fortnight we are able to enjoy in one accessible theatre seven or eight plays, many of them quite new, to see which, in London itself, would involve journeying round a wide circuit. Bystander readers should keep the English players in mind when in Paris. Mr. Edward Stirling has gathered a company of which to be proud.

Maurice Chevalier, after his success in *Whitebirds*, has been giving his impressions of London. According to Maurice, London is a city of ten religions but only one sauce, that from Worcestershire. For a foreigner to acclimatise himself he must take Worcestershire sauce at every meal and drink *litres* of tea, a system which Chevalier adopted with his customary gusto. He can now enjoy Worcestershire sauce with his *petit déjeuner* and he drinks tea at every *entr'acte*.

Not very many Frenchmen go yachting

"Never been able to understand *chaussettes*"

English grocery exporters may anticipate a boom in these commodities, for Maurice is one of the people who set fashions in Paris. But while the nimble-tongued Chevalier seems an appropriate propagandist for sauce, he has concealed what qualifications he may possess as an advocate of tea, and he will need many in order to convert Parisians from the view that tea is a medicine, to be taken lukewarm and watery. However, we will pray for his success so that we may get it hot and strong.

It is a matter of immense relief to me that the French magistrates who had to deal with a man caught making wax impressions of a jeweller's locks decided that he could not be convicted of a robbery which he was merely contemplating, because, for the past few weeks, I had lived in dread of being sent to prison myself for something like three months. Now I have just the precedent I needed for my defence. You know that when you pass out of one of the gates of Paris you must declare the amount of petrol you have in your tank and that you must pay a tax on any quantity you may have in excess on re-entering.

By a slip I had announced seven *litres* more than I possessed, and as it happened to be a morning for checking, the *octroi* man pounced upon

me as a victim, filled a book full of details about the "swindler," and informed me that I should hear about it in due course. My contention was that, as I was making but a short journey, for which I had sufficient petrol both ways and should therefore not be buying any outside the city, there could be no question of defrauding the city tax-collectors, but the explanation did not appear to carry any weight, and I have been waiting for a *sergent de ville* with handcuffs. But the magistrates seem to have put it right, *les sages*. Even had I been contemplating fraud, which I was not, "contemplation" is not an offence. My respect for magistrates has increased.

For some inexplicable reason yachting jackets, the familiar brass-buttoned, blue coats of Cowes, have become the *chic* thing to wear in France this summer, both for women as well as men. You see them by the dozen on golf courses and on picnic parties in the woods—everywhere, in fact, except on yachts. But then the number of Frenchmen who go yachting must be exceedingly restricted. It is as difficult to account for this fashion as it was to explain the craze for pull-overs in Paris among people who rarely thought of indulging in any sport, and who mostly wore their new garment under their waistcoats, which was certainly original if nothing else!

"'Bystander' readers should keep . . . in mind"

But it is generally futile to find a reason for any fashion. I have never been able to understand *chaussettes*, which look a useless and unattractive imitation of the masculine sock. When a *mannequin* displays them she reminds you of the far-off days when women used to pretend to fear a mouse. Where are those women now, by the way? I suppose that short skirts have contributed to banish the mouse scare.

There is another change, as revealed by recent fashion displays. Pyjamas for women seem to have lost their popularity. Anyhow, they are excluded from the "shows" of most of the houses, which are making a special feature of the *chemise de nuit*, beautiful in workmanship, variety, and design, with fine laces as incrustations. It looks like a return to femininity—in *lingerie* at least. The type of woman who spends August at Deauville will want one for every night.

It is amazing how much these women want to take to Deauville. See them spend hours of perplexity before their wardrobes. And when they get to Deauville they spend most of their time lying on the beach in a bathing costume, taking sun-baths. A few evening frocks for the Casino are obviously necessary, but why tailor-mades for the morning, when they never see the morning except on the way to bed? René.

ON THE LIDO

A cheery group at the pyjama and bathing-dress parade of the Paris and Italian fashion houses recently held on the Lido. This was during the three-day Fashion Show, which afforded a good-natured rivalry between the chic Paris mannequins and the handsome mannequins from the best-known fashion houses of Milan, Venice, and Naples

Holidays with a Purpose

PARADE FOR PRAYERS

The Harrow contingent, in camp at Tidworth Park, photographed at morning prayers. Harrow sent one of the largest contingents, eight officers and 220 cadets being in camp

SALOPIANS KEEP SMILING

A cheery tent-full of cadets from Shrewsbury "at home" to the photographer. They went into camp at Tidworth Park

FINDING OUT FOR THEMSELVES

A tank proves a centre of attraction at Strensall Camp. Members of the Oundle contingent are seen conducting a thorough inspection

THE SINEWS OF WAR

Members of the Marlborough O.T.C. drawing rations before marching out of camp. They were strongly represented at Tidworth Park

MUSIC—NOT MARTIAL

A "stand-easy" in the Eton lines is improved by the addition of a gramophone. The contingent went under canvas at Mytchet's Farm, Aldershot

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER *by Sport and General and Fox*

Leaders of Men in the Making

"SAY 'NINETY NINE'"
Dr. MacKenzie examining cadets at the Public Secondary Schools' Association Camp at Wellington College, Berks

EYES RIGHT
The Cranleigh contingent leaving camp for the day's work at the O.T.C. Camp at Tidworth Park

"COME TO THE COOKHOUSE DOOR"
The real business of the day at Tidworth, where the photograph shows the St. Paul's cooks' orderlies drawing the rations

A BRIDGE PARTY AT STRENSALL
The Bedford contingent watching the "sappers" at work on a bridge at the Public Schools' O.T.C. Camp at Strensall, Yorks

IN COLUMN OF ROUTE
The Guildford contingent moving off in marching order from the O.T.C. Camp at Tidworth

BEFORE THE INSPECTION
Dressing the kits in the Winchester lines before the Inspecting Officer's rounds at Tidworth

The annual summer camps of the Schools' O.T.C. and Cadet Corps fulfil a much larger purpose than merely instructing the M the boys, but they have unequalled opportunities of cultivating a sense of team spirit, of practising the saving grace

Under Canvas with Young Britain

BEFORE THE DIP

An expectant group from the Masonic School lined up for Bathing Parade at the Public Secondary Schools' Cadet Camp at Wellington College, Berks

IN DIXIE-LAND

A fatigue party from Repton cleaning up dixies at the O.T.C. Camp at Tidworth Park

OLIVERS ALL

A cheery group from Felstead who are obviously "asking for more" at the O.T.C. Camp at Strensall

A LESSON IN GUNNERY

Members of the Charterhouse and Oratory contingents having the points of a 4·5 howitzer explained at the Strensall Camp

CON-TENT

A cheery tent in the Ashford Grammar School lines at the Public Secondary Schools' Camp

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER *by Sport and General*

"LUNCHEON IS SERVED!"

The Brentwood School cooks' orderlies fetching rations at the Public Secondary Schools' Cadet Association Camp at Wellington College, Berks

of To-morrow in the arts of warfare. During the fortnight spent under canvas, not only the love of healthy living is instilled into unquestioning obedience to superiors and learning to act coolly and quickly when they themselves are in charge of others

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

"An educationless and idealless financist who lives for only dividends"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

I HAVE been very overflodded with letters for informations concerning per the gum (chewing) mine which I referred to in *re* my contributings of the last prox. I cannot help to think that in more as many cases the writers of several letters think more greatly of a chance to successfully secure lucrative investings and suchly cash snips, than of the so great literary talents I have strove to bestow on these depictions of my non-parallelled adventurings. Permit I should point out that I are 1-st and beforemost a *literati* and if, by good lucks, I discover to find goodish outlets for capital, persons must not run away to suppose I are an educationless and idealless financist who lives for only dividends and suchly mundane perks. I confess to admit that I feel more as considerably upset that so numerous readers should regard me to be a mere good tippings person, instead of a very aloofish and lofty-thought depicter who strenuously aspires to only produce noble words and to leave this globe more better as he found it when arriving on same.

Not any the less, I cannot disguise to feel that I should be executing less as my duty if I non-published this so amazing and parellelless chance to acquire enormous wealths for next to almost nothing and with as good as not any risk. Otherwisely I should non-deign to soil my stainless pen by depicting how to secure more as a 100% dividends for a mereish song and almost at 1-ce. Indeedly, I should feel to be guilty of pardonless disgratitude to not put my so innumerous admirers on such a perfectly defunct cert and thusly cause them to swiftishly become enormously opulent by getting inside this epochal opportunity on even lower than the ground floor. Hencely I now imprint the prospectus of the so celebrate Eldorado Gum-mining Syndicate, Inc., as per follows:

"Hon. analytical prof. reports 'I have tested your Eldorado gum'"

This Company are formed to execute excavations in pursuit of gum (chewing), an edible mineral enormously esteemed by the Hail Columbians of all ages and sexes. Samples of saidly gum taken from this mine have been analysed to produce so much as 50% pure and best quality B vitamines, and more as 75% of specially selected C vitamines. These vitamines are the pick of the market and are entirely non-equalled for flavour and nourishments. Hon. analytical prof. reports: "I have tested your Eldorado gum and can prove that 1.05 grs., are more as equal to 10 lbs 4.7 ozs of ripe beefsteak, or 1 cwt 3,101 pecks of suet puddings. The vitamines (B and C) are unusually juicy and the finest I have witnessed to see. Also I have inspected your mine and are pleased to state that it contains some very rich lodes of this magnificent gum in various flavours and all palatable to the stomach. I do not hesitate to doubt that it are a very A.1 and valuable property and should succeed to yield enormously good dividends."

This are a non-dubitably goodish reporting and already the Syndicate are performing negotiatings to supply Hon. British Navy with gum rations in lieu of rum ditto. This, I are inform, has caused enormous joy in marine circles where rum are considered to be very degrading and non-hygienic. I cannot hesitate to confidently prognose that this Syndicate possesses a tremendous future in front of it, so that all persons succeeding to non-secure shares in same will live to assiduously kick themselves for their enterpriseless behaviour.

(Continued on page 274)

A Pavlova of the U.S.A.

Nickolas Muray, New York

MISS FLORENCE DENISHAWN

The highly talented American dancer, who this year is making her first appearance in London. She is so popular in the U.S.A. that she has to appear in almost every American State of importance once a month

Shares can now be secured at sale prices (25% less as par) from Hon. Managing Director, Sir Yogo Bart Hama, M.P.S; the Hon. solicitors, Messrs. Hama and Hama Ltd; the Hon. auditors, Yogo Hama and Co, R.A; the Hon. brokers, Messrs. Yogo and Hama; or Hon. secretary, Mr. Yogo Hama Esq. B.S.A. Sample shares will be sent *f.o.b.* per Carter Paterson (packing extra) on per receipt of 10£s in P.O or stamps.

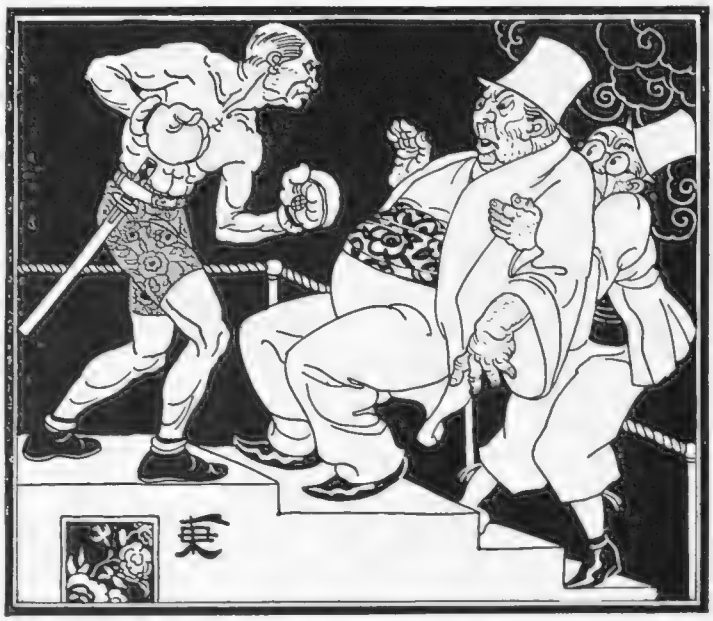
(P.S and very stop-press. Before imprinting the above, we are in the receipt of the as follows scandalous letter from Editor of Hon. Bystander: "Dear Sir:—Permit I should call your polite attentions to the fact that this journal are not a bucket-shop sheet. I return your nefarious prospectus which I should not deign to brush my boots with."

We responsed as per:

"Sir:—*re* concerning your grammarless and insulting favour of the latest ult, we are consulting our legal solicitors to suit you for awful damages. But to prove our shares are more as equal to any others on the market and 2-nd to not any, we send you a 100£'s worth for a free gifting."

The as follows arrived *p.d q.*

"Hon. Sir:—Permit I should offer my profoundish apologetics for my so wicked letter of the last prox. I was enjoying a very severeish dyspeptical attack in my stomach which caused me to see red and other Bolshist colours. Since receiving your Eldorado shares my interior pangs have entirely subsided and I are infinitely more better as I have ever been. I consider your shares to be so good as miraculous and far more better as a B and S. Trusting to believe that innumerous Hon. Bystanders will not miss to avail themselves of this so A.1 blessing, and hoping this will leave me as it finds you, I possess the honour to always remain etc.")



"Complaints, if any, should be addressed to Hon. National Sportings Club"

The correspondents has now ceased and all are quiet in this sector. As we anticipate to receive a very record inflush of cheques and other assets, it would enormously save time if cash or other bank notes were sent in lieu. (Letters containing same should be strenuously marked "*very non-editorial,*" otherwisely we cannot guarantee safe receipts of the cashes.) Complaints, if any, should be addressed to Hon. National Sportings Club which has engaged a special staff of pugilistics to deal with same.

I cannot do less as depict my extreme regrets that, because of this so amazing investments opportunity, the weekly extractions from my diary are held up till next week, when I shall decant how I arrived on a corned-beef farm, also my thrillish adventurings with the bronchobusters and other *flora* and *fauna* of the Hail Columbian wilds.

Yogo Hama

Tom Aitken

SEVEN BELLES AT BRIGHTON

Some of the girls who are appearing at the Piccadilly Club at Brighton putting in a few strenuous moments on the beach. The proceedings were somewhat in the nature of an un-dress rehearsal

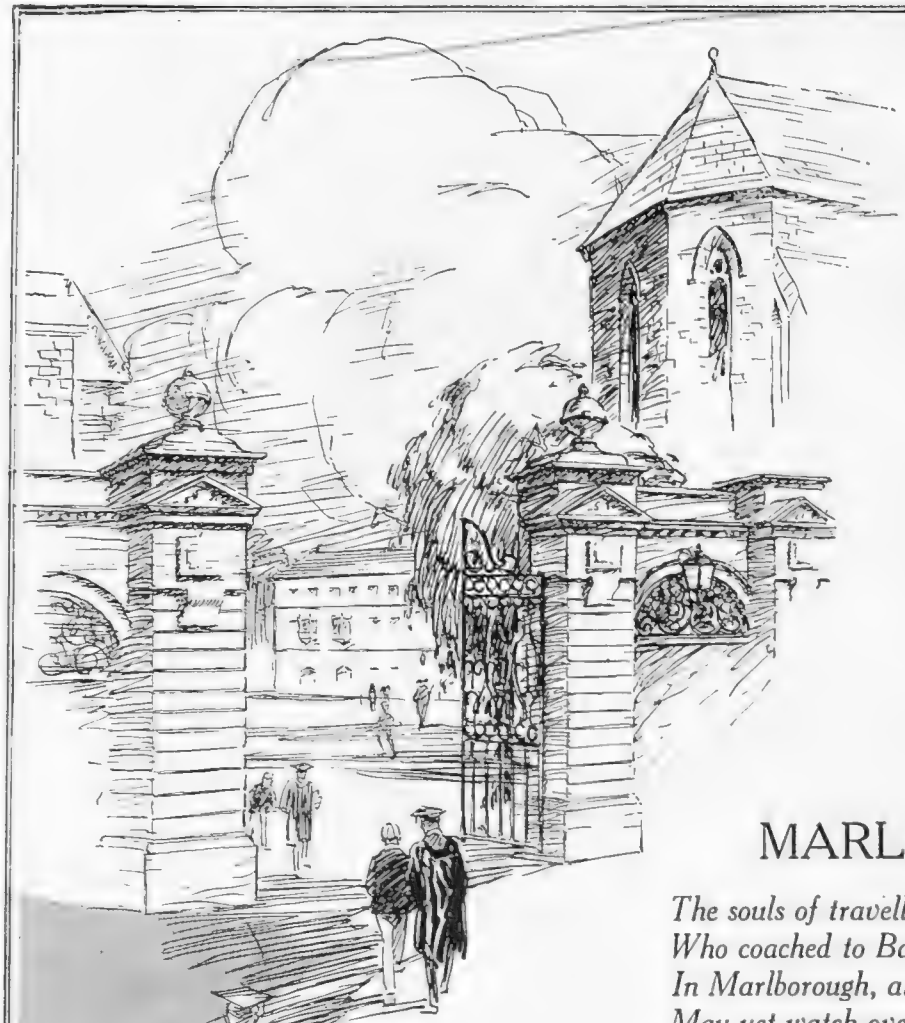
H. McKie

The Liquor Problem in New York

BY HELEN McKIE

Prohibition is not *very* noticeable in New York — and the New Yorker, with characteristic hospitality, presses innumerable drinks of every variety and description on English visitors, but should the Englishman require a stock of his own—this is one method of procedure

H.M. Boston



Public Schools of England

MARLBOROUGH

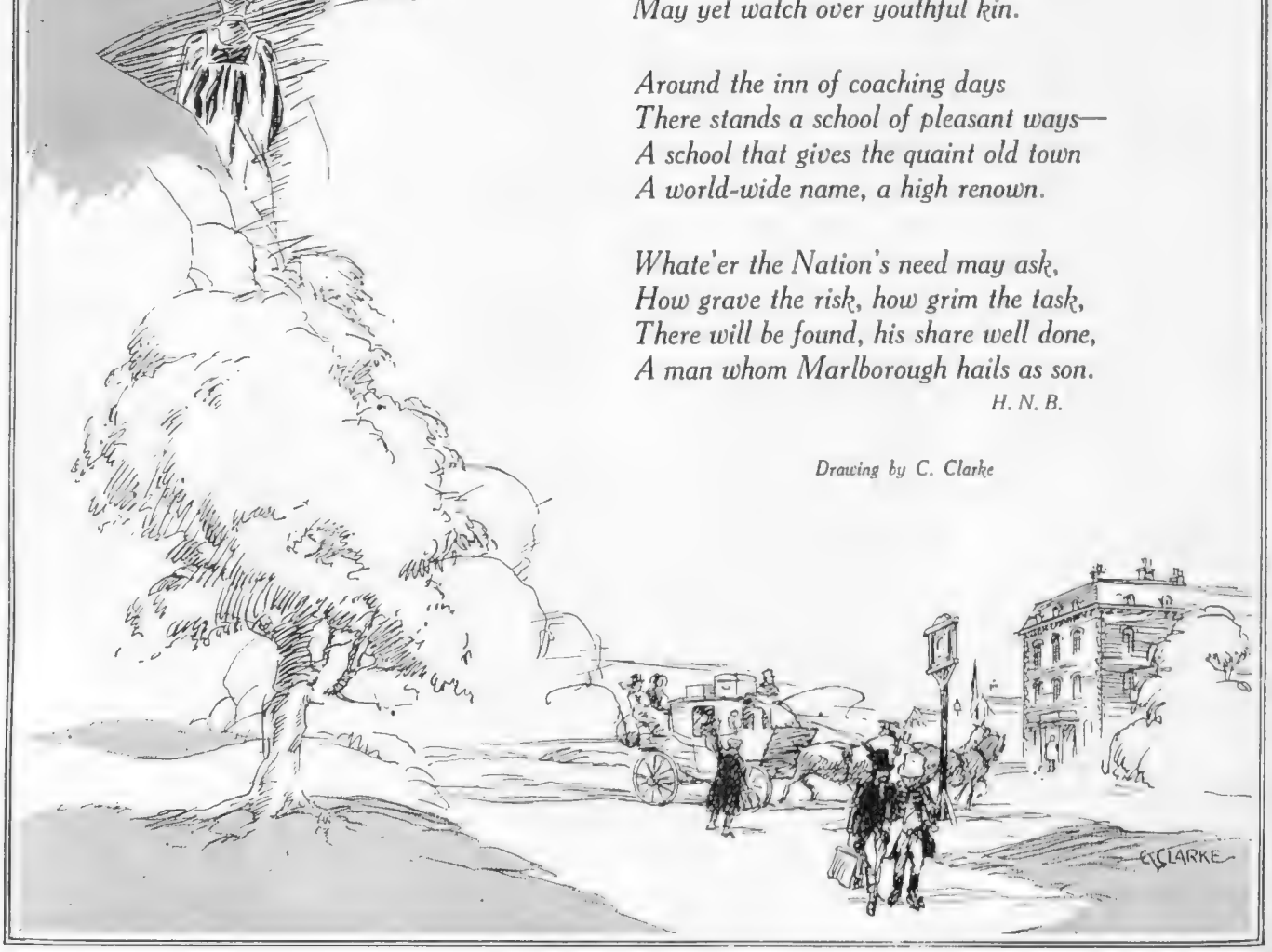
The souls of travellers long sped,
Who coached to Bath and took a bed
In Marlborough, at the Castle Inn,
May yet watch over youthful kin.

Around the inn of coaching days
There stands a school of pleasant ways—
A school that gives the quaint old town
A world-wide name, a high renown.

Whate'er the Nation's need may ask,
How grave the risk, how grim the task,
There will be found, his share well done,
A man whom Marlborough hails as son.

H. N. B.

Drawing by C. Clarke



IN LONDON NOW—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Try to send you to bed at 10.45"

LONDON, *Aug.* 8.

DEAR COUSIN—

YES, back again your Blanchette is and oh what a joy to be once more in London now, now that August's here. Not that I'm entirely settled for the rest of summer or autumn or whatever you call this particular season of the year, but of that more anon. Particular and special and most absorbing fact of the moment being that we've been away for wellnigh a whole month, me and Hamlet the brown spaniel, and *quelle joie*, not to say ecstasy, to return to our own special private kennel for even however short a space.

SUCH lovely things holidays are and all palpitating with fresh and quite unexpected things that happen to you all the time. All-of-a-sudden-and-with-a-crash-like you're rooted out of your *milieu* and from a rather nicely *soigné* home perchance are plumped down into an hotel where you're only admitted, you gather, on sufferance and by special favour, and have to fight for even the right to have your rather funny food. *Soupe tomate*, and *codde* (I suppose that's the French for cod) *bouillie*, and *mouton rôti* with *pommes à l'Anglaise* and *choux à l'eau* and *fruits* (probably prunes) with *crême* to follow.

"Bless their gold-mounted hearts"

BUT oh, you know, what wonderful discipline and all that sort of thing it is, for sure. We're so terribly spoilt, I'm perfectly certain, we ordinary persons who happen to have private residences of our own. Get, even in our own homes, quite fairly decent food. Are allowed, spite of all Gov'ment regulations, to go to bed more or less when we like and rise ditto, even if we do have to pay entertainment tax and so on. Whereas in at least one little country hotel of this great nation I wot of, they try to send you to bed at 10.45 at latest, and if you happen to be still alive and kicking or anyway smoking on the verandah by 11 p.m. they set the dog at you or words to that effect—or anyway the waiter comes along and soliloquises with help of waiting maid like this:—

WAITER: Tchk! . . . Tchk! . . . Tchk! . . .

WAITRESS: Aren't you going to bed yet, George?

WAITER: Tchk! . . . Tchk! . . . Tchk! . . .

WAITRESS: Oh, I suppose you've got to clear all them chairs away from the verandah first, haven't you?

WAITER: Tchk! . . . Tchk! . . . Tchk!

WAITRESS: Well, I don't suppose they'll be sitting there all night, will they?

WHEREUPON, having at last taken the hint, so-called "guests" hastily gather together their bags, knitting-needles, gramophone records, newspapers, cigar cases and pipes, etc., and flee bedwards, spite of lovely moonlight night and sea restfully splashing on to quiet beach and all that sort of thing. But just for one little fleeting moment you do rather wistfully long for, or at least recall, those bad old days when insolent varlets (as they called them in the verbiage of the time) would have been well and soundly whipped perchance or at any rate heartily be-rated for suchlike goings-on, and at the very least put somehow more or less in their proper place, as they say.

AND now we're home they say it's empty here in London now—but can't see much sign of it really, between you and me. Theatres of course are rather on the slumpy side in a sort of a way and they've closed nine or ten of them down, but what does that matter to you and me? There's lots left. And if ever I felt in the very least danger of being bored for a moment I'll tell you what I'd do. Take a season ticket, if they do happen to have such things, for the Palladium, one of the world's best music-halls, and another for the Tivoli, where they've got one of the world's best films, and then sort of defy the lightning, so to speak—till the midnight choo-choo leaves for Alabam (as you might say).

SUCH as, *par exemple*, bonnie Scotland—thus immemorially described by all (Scottish) bards of any note. Scotland,

'Ladies with more or less adequate pyjams'

where, on this very Friday as ever is, they start according to the calendar to shoot the grouse or grice, bless their gold-mounted hearts, the so-called guns, I mean (because of course no one except profiteers and well-gilded Dukes can afford really to shoot aforesaid expensivish birds nowadays). A shocking grouse season some say it's going to be and 'cording to others just about perfect—but what matter? After all, these grouse (or grice) don't really interfere much with the parties, what? Won't, anyway, with *my* little trip that I'm taking quite soon (did I tell you?) by the bad, bold North-eastern to Fort William and even yet further by the new Highlandman Express to distant Mallaig in search of August sunshine and golf (what a life!). Well, let's say scenery, anyway.

卐

On the Lido there is intensive expensiveness whereof, also alluring descrips. of ladies with more or less adequate pyjams. having attracted men in rather immoderate numbers to 1927 visitation thereof—*voilà tout*. But talking of fashions (did I?), you can wear lots of nice big pearls with your tweed suits just now (I don't give you any longer), and nothing really serious or revolutionary's happened just at the moment, though someone has written me from Paris that skirts are going to be longer, and, yea, sometimes wellnigh to the ankle, in the modes to come.

"How much does it cost to take a girl out to dance?"

卐

But, back to London and dancing—well, Embassy and Ciro's may be more or less shut, but *la danse*, thank Heaven, doesn't ever cease, spite of anything the mere calendar may say. And still at the Cavour or Murray's or Prince's or the Florida or the Silver Slipper and other suchlike resorts there continues to be, 's far as I can see in these few hurried nights since my return, a certain liveliness, as they used to say (*on dit*) during the late War. And still at suchlike resorts we fairly dance and hum or sing, though outside skies may be more or less sullen about.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

UNNECESSARY RISKS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

It is the mark of the good player not to take unnecessary risks when the game is in sight, or to hazard losing his contract when game is impossible. But there are some players so constituted that they seem to revel in risks and always try for big things.

Here is a case from actual play where a player through going for a grand slam missed his "sitting" game. It was the first game of the rubber, and the player in question argued that it was justifiable to try for the slam. But his partner did not agree.

	Y: S.—None. H.—9, 6, 3. D.—A, K, J, 10, 7, 4, 3. C.—6, 5, 2.	
S.—Q, J, 10, 8, 6. H.—A, K, 7, 2. D.—9, 6. C.—9, 4.	A / B	S.—9, 5, 4, 3, 2. H.—Q, J. D.—Q, 8, 2. C.—J, 10, 3.
	Z: S.—A, K, 7. H.—10, 8, 5, 4. D.—5. C.—A, K, Q, 8, 7.	

Y dealt and bid "One Diamond"; B, "No bid"; Z, "One No-Trump"; all passed. A opened the Queen of Spades, which was taken by Z with the King. Z then played out his five winning Clubs, on which A threw two Hearts and 9 of Diamonds and B two Spades. Z could now make the three more tricks required for game with the King of Spades and Ace and King of Diamonds. But at trick seven he led his small Diamond and finessed Dummy's 10, which B won with the Queen and returned a Spade. Z had the lead again, but could not get into Dummy to make the winning Diamonds, and A B made three Spades, two Hearts, and one Diamond, Z making only the odd trick.

I do not think it is an arguable proposition. Z with certain game must take it. Probably A's discard of the 9 of Diamonds on a Club led Z to think that A held originally three Diamonds to the Queen. But he had no right to any such deduction, nor should he in any case have made it.

If game had been unattainable in any other way it would have been right to take the finesse. But as the game was there it was thoroughly bad play to go for the slam, and Y rightly objected. It is an example of the old proverb of a "bird in the hand" and of the old fable of "forsaking the substance for the shadow."

. . . . . .

A correspondent on H.M.S. *Maidstone* asks my opinion of the bidding on the following hand, which he says has given rise to much discussion on board.

Score: Game all. Z dealt, and these were the hands:—

Z: S.—Q, 6, 5, 2; H.—A, J, 10, 6, 4; D.—K, 8, 2; C.—3.

A: S.—A, K, J; H.—K, Q, 5; D.—J, 10; C.—K, Q, 8, 7, 5.

Y: S.—10, 8, 7, 4, 3; H.—None; D.—A, 6, 4; C.—A, 10, 6, 4, 2.

B: S.—9; H.—9, 8, 7, 3, 2; D.—Q, 9, 7, 5, 3; C.—J, 9.

The bidding was:—Z, "One Heart"; A, "One No-Trump"; Y, "Double"; B, "Two Diamonds"; Z, "Two Spades"; A, "Two No-Trumps"; Y, "Three Spades"; B and Z, "No bid"; A, "Double." All pass.

This was certainly somewhat remarkable bidding even for Naval Bridge! Z's "One Heart" was justifiable, and so was A's "One No-Trump." Y's "Double" was distinctly bad. He was not anything like strong enough to double. B's "Two Diamonds" was shocking. He had no right to speak at all after the double. Having done so, however, Z was absolved from bidding, but this did not deter him, and he bid "Two Spades." A, encouraged by his partner's bid, quite rightly went to "Two No-Trumps." Y's bid of "Three Spades" on the calling was rash, and A's double looked sound.

The bidding is interesting as showing how they call in the Navy!

. . . . . .

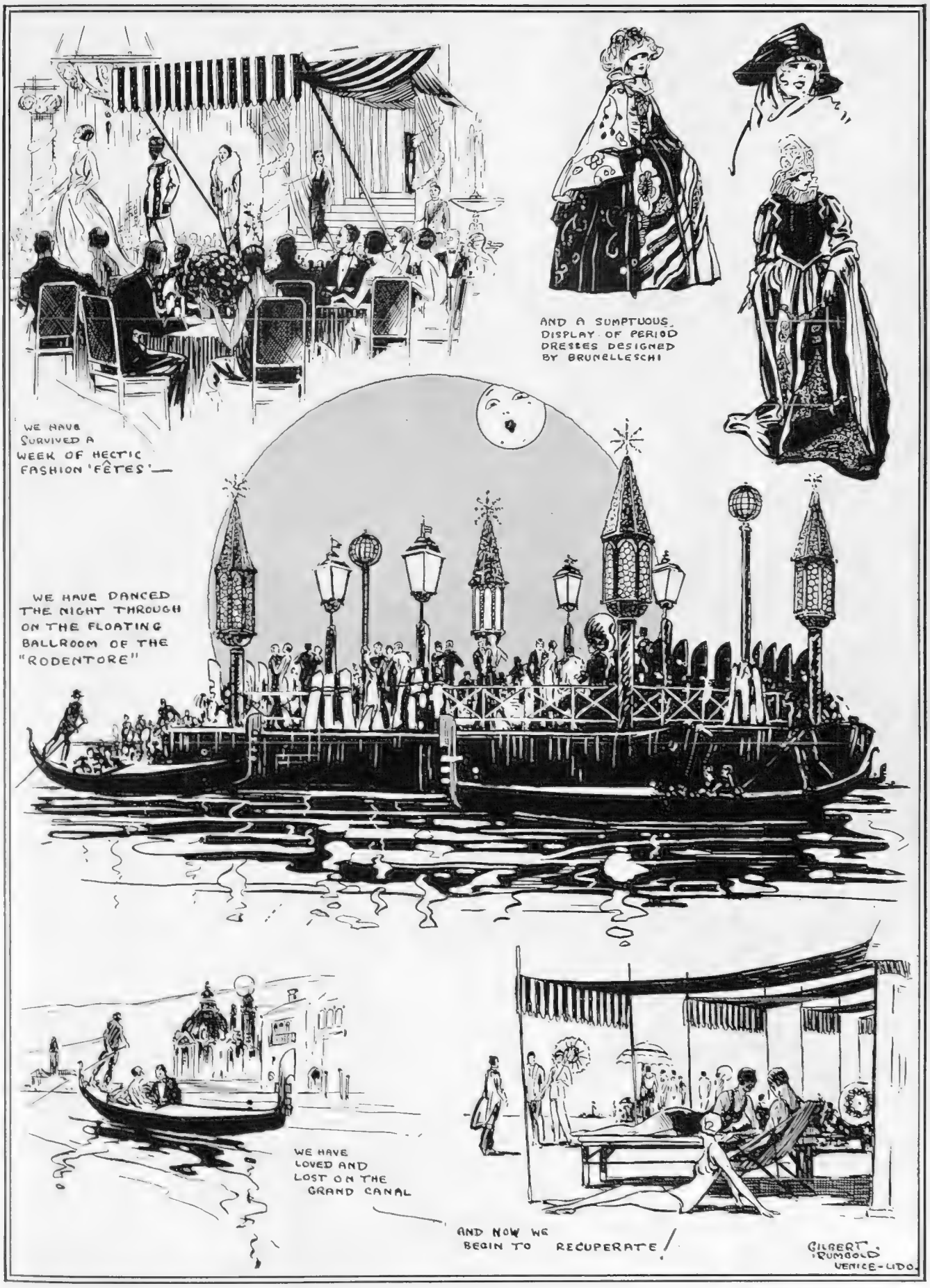
Here is an interesting case from a correspondent:—

Dealer said, "One No-Trump"; second and third hands, "No bid"; fourth hand, thinking Dealer had also said "No bid," cried, "Thank the Lord!" and threw his hand (a Yarborough) face up on the table.

"What happens? Thirteen exposed cards or a new deal, and the Dealer perhaps robbed of a Slam?"

The answer is that all thirteen cards were technically exposed, and no doubt some people would call them. But I think the right thing is to say, "Pick them up again." There is no question of a new deal.

Sidelights of The Lido



BY GILBERT RUMBOLD

Our artist's impressions of some aspects of life on The Lido as it is lived to-day. Bathing of course plays a large part in the proceedings, but there is plenty of amusement of all sorts to be found when the water is forsaken for the counter-attractions of life afloat and ashore

A "Rose Day" at Stamford Bridge

Sport and General

J. W. J. RINKEL (England) winning the 400 Metres from R. Feger (France) in 50 1-5 sec.

Central News

ALZIEU (France) photographed winning the Long Jump with a leap of 23ft. 2¼in.

Sport and General

D. G. A. LOWE (England) making a stupendous effort in beating S. Martin (France) in the 800 Metres in 1 min. 54 1-5 sec.

Keystone

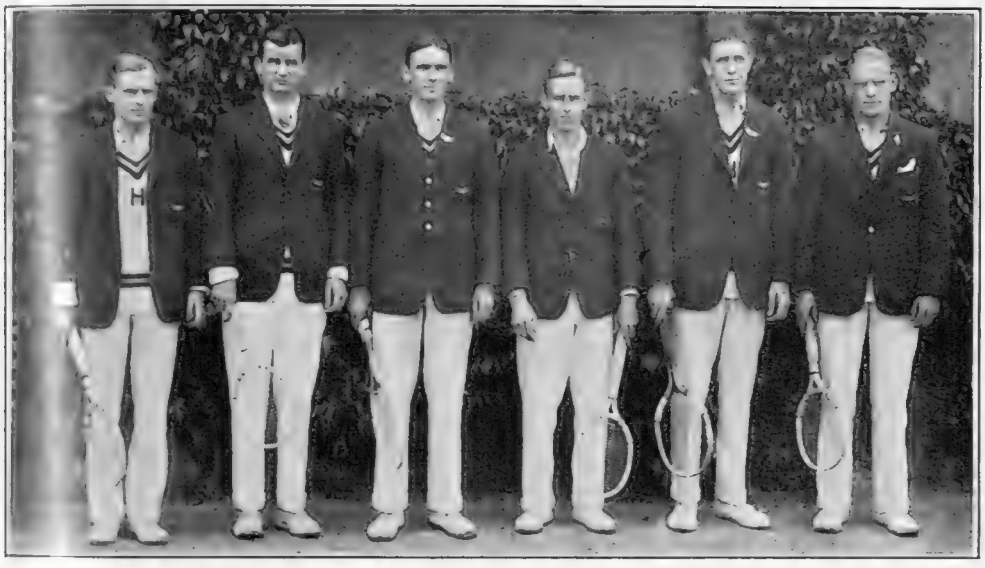
P. LEWDEN (France) taking a leap in the High Jump, which he won at 6ft. 1in.

Some of those who engaged in battle at Stamford Bridge when England defeated France at athletics by 66 points to 45. The outstanding features of the day were D. G. A. Lowe's great win in the 800 Metres, and the securing by France of all three places in the High Jump

Some Sidelights from the World of Sport

SPORT IN IRELAND *Topical*

The combined teams of the Achilles Club and Irish athletes who met in friendly rivalry at Croke Park, Dublin. The English club scored an easy victory over their opponents



LAWN TENNIS VISITORS *G.P.U.*

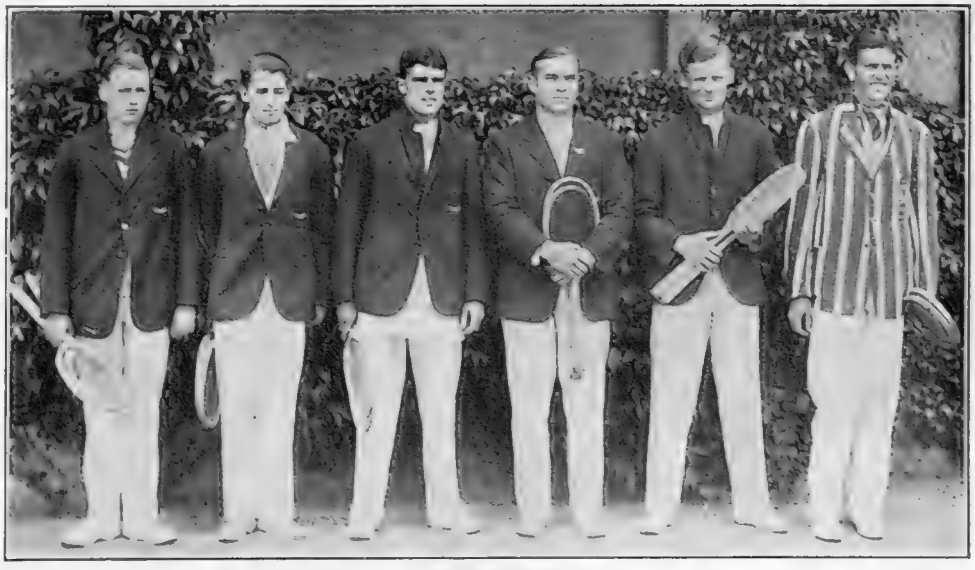
The team from Yale and Harvard who recently lost to Oxford and Cambridge at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. The photograph shows M. T. Hill (left), T. B. McGlinn, J. F. W. Whitbeck, C. Watson, L. H. Gordon and W. McCook Reed

THE PRIZE WINNER *Topical*

S. Ferris (R.A.F., Uxbridge) holding prizes won at the Four Club Athletic Carnival at Fallowfield. The clubs competing were the Broughton H. and A.C., Manchester A.C., Manchester Harriers and Salford Harriers

THE SMILE OF VICTORY *G.P.U.*

Captain W. L. Hope with the King's Cup which he won in the recent air race. He flew a D.H. Moth



THE VICTORS *G.P.U.*

Oxford and Cambridge players who beat Yale and Harvard at Eastbourne by 11 rubbers to 7. The photograph shows H. G. N. Cooper (left), H. W. Austin W. H. Powell, G. S. Fletcher, R. R. T. Young and J. W. Olmstead

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

AT BROOKLANDS

One of the R.A.C. officials examining a 14-40 h.p. Lea-Francis at the recent "Lea-Francis" day at Brooklands. This meeting took place in good weather, and the hospitality of Messrs. Lea and Francis Ltd. was much appreciated

THE annual meeting of the Automobile Association was held at the Savoy Hotel on July 20, Mr. Charles McWhirter, chairman of the Executive Committee, presiding. In moving the adoption of the annual report and accounts, Mr. McWhirter said that it was impossible to review in so short a time all the work and progress of the association during the year. Membership had increased by over 40,000 to a total of 344,483. With regard to the accounts, reports had been current that the A.A. patrols engaged on traffic control at cross-roads had been paid by local authorities. He emphatically denied this, and in the same connection he emphasised that, neither directly nor indirectly, does any member of their committee receive anything by way of salary, or even expenses. It was generally agreed that the balance-sheet was satisfactory. With the exception of £13,115 carried to reserve, the whole of the income for the current financial year (£691,648) had been spent for the advantage of members. The report and accounts were adopted unanimously, the only diversion being when a member from the provinces began to make a speech about anti-dazzle devices. After riveting the attention of the whole assembly by a dramatic assertion that he had "inside information" that some such device would certainly become compulsory before long, he explained that he had an infallible cure for dazzle, and even had the plans in his pocket, and would like the committee to consider them!

***

I RECENTLY attended a rather interesting R.A.C. Trial at Brooklands, when several 14-40 h.p. six-cylinder Lea-Francis touring cars set out to do 360 miles in under six hours. Three of them achieved the object with a considerable margin to spare, and finished in excellent condition. I understand that the company now issues a guarantee with all their six-cylinder models that the car will do this feat. In view of the high speeds that are claimed for standard cars, a proper guarantee of this kind is a very valuable point in favour of a car for fast touring. At the same time there was a gathering of agents, and the various models of the sports Lea-Francis with super-charged 12 h.p. engine, which will shortly be on the market as a catalogue model, were demonstrated on the track and in the paddock.

***

CROSSLEY MOTORS, LTD., have just christened their six-cylinder enclosed limousine the "Canberra." This is to mark its association with the Australian tour of T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of York, in the course of which the Duke opened the new Parliament Buildings at Canberra. It will be remembered that a fleet of 20 Crossley six-cylinder models were used by T.R.H. and staff in New Zealand and Australia, an enclosed limousine being used personally by the Duke and Duchess.

***

I AM interested to hear from the Citroën people that there is a growing demand nowadays for the coupé type of body. I can understand this with a drop head coupé, *i.e.*, a two-seater with leather top and glass windows, but they tell me that the most popular of the several models marketed on the 12-24 h.p. Citroën is their new four-seater with fixed head, which, with exceptionally luxurious upholstery and appointments, front wheel brakes, cellulose finish, and complete equipment, they sell at the low figure of £240. For a business man or a lady who is looking for a smart and elegant car which will at the same time be economical to run and easy to drive and handle in traffic, this type of vehicle is a tempting proposition.

***

THE promoters of our latest sport, greyhound racing, at the White City did well in asking the Royal Automobile Club to undertake the whole of the arrangements for the parking of cars owned by spectators. The arrangements, I believe, are working very successfully, which may be said also of the Manchester greyhound racing track, where the R.A.C. is also responsible for car parking. Intending visitors can obtain information beforehand with regard to prices, space available, etc., by applying to the Secretary of the R.A.C., Road Guides Department, Pall Mall, S.W.

***

IN the very early days of the motor car industry Mr. A. R. Garnett, who was a designer and manufacturer of many types of light and heavy automobiles, launched on the market a vehicle known as the National car. Some years afterwards Mr. Garnett was helping a friend to test out another make of vehicle when he met with a very serious accident, which resulted in his being permanently paralysed, and he had to resort to a hand-propelled chair as a means of getting about. He soon found out that this type of three-wheeled chair was not at all satisfactory, and so he began to design a tricycle which was easy to propel and which would give him exercise, comfort and independence under all varying road conditions. The result is that he is now the manufacturer of the Argson tricycle, which embodies these virtues and is the only machine of its class fitted with a 3-speed gear and differential in the back axle. Its popularity is shown by the fact that, in addition to many hundreds of private users, the Government has taken delivery of over 2,000 of these machines for disabled soldiers. The makers trade under the title of the Argson Engineering Co., Ltd., of Richmond Road, East Twickenham.

***

SO much have Atlantic flights been in the public eye of late that we are apt to overlook the magnificent work of the Royal Air Force in showing what can be done on practical and useful air routes. I have in mind particularly the recent achievement of the Air Force flight of Fairey-Napier aeroplanes from Cairo to the Cape and back, a double journey of approximately 11,000 miles. The whole flight was carried out without fuss and this is the second time within twelve months that a flight of machines has completed this strenuous journey, and on both occasions the engines selected were 450 h.p. Napier "Lions."

A SAFETY FIRST DEVICE

A photograph of a Pyrene Fire Post at which the military are seen giving their assistance. The Pyrene Fire Guard is to be found in most car parks at big functions

When your skin gets dry— how to restore suppleness

by

MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY

Summer Sun

"Under the parching sun of summer it is almost impossible to prevent the skin from getting dry. But that does not matter. The important thing is to prevent it from *staying* dry. You must feed it with the necessary oils it lacks."

Miss Hermione Baddeley is an actress of many parts. She knows how to entertain—by no means a common gift. And she is fascinating. Her last success was in "Queen High," and we now have the pleasure of seeing her in "When Crummles Played" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

"But how can you give your skin exactly the natural oils which have been burnt out of it by the sun," I asked.

Pond's Cold Cream

"By using Pond's Cold Cream," replied Miss Baddeley. "Pond's Cold Cream sinks down into all the pores and tissues and makes them soft and supple. Pond's Cold Cream is pure—you can rely on it; just as you can rely on their Vanishing Cream. I use both."

The proof

"How do you *know* that Pond's Two Creams are good for the skin?" I inquired.

"By the evidence of my eyes. If my skin is in good condition I think it is common sense to assume that the way I look after it is the right way. I suppose that is the sole reason why so many thousands of women do as I do—they are satisfied with the results. No woman likes making experiments with her complexion—and why should she?"

Pond's is supreme

"Then you think Pond's is supreme for a very good reason?"

"I think Pond's is supreme because it is the best. If only women would make a practice of always using Pond's Cold Cream when they come in, and Pond's Vanishing Cream before they go out, there would be less complaints about sunburn—and, what is more, there would be less heartburn as well over the everlasting tragic question, 'Am I beginning to look old?' Use Pond's and stay young is my motto."

Mabel Robey

Hermione Baddeley

Pure and reliable

Pond's two Creams are made of the finest and purest ingredients obtainable, and their formulas are based on a scientific knowledge of the skin.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS. USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE

Pond's Cold Cream gives a more thorough cleansing than soap and water. It should be used every night before retiring and during the day whenever the skin feels dusty and tired. Its fine oils penetrate the pores, bringing to the surface all the impurities that clog them. At the same time it softens and soothes, rounding out lines and smoothing out wrinkles. Remove the Cold Cream and impurities together and finish off with Pond's Vanishing Cream. If the skin is dry, a little Cold Cream should be left on all night, and removed in the morning.

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives an exquisitely delicate surface, and it prevents wind and sun from roughening and reddening your skin. Use it before you go out of doors and from time to time during the day. Delightfully scented with the odour of Jacqueminot roses, Pond's Vanishing Cream is very refreshing when your skin is tired. It revives its beauty and instantly makes you look your best. Always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder—the powder goes on more evenly and stays on longer.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

Fill up this coupon and post it, together with 2d. in stamps. We will send you by return sufficient of Pond's Two Creams to prove their beneficial effect. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream in handsome opal jars, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes, 7½d. (for handbag) and 1s.; Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars, 5s., and in extra large tubes, 2s. 6d.

COUPON

Generous Trial Samples

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 316),
103, St. John St., London, E.C.1.

I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your TRIAL TUBES of *POND'S COLD CREAM AND POND'S VANISHING CREAM.*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

J. P. Machin

GAMES AND PASTIMES

THE COST OF NIGHT-LIGHTING

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

A USEFUL ALL-ROUNDER

Mr. G. T. S. Stevens, the well-known Middlesex amateur, who has been selected for the tour in South Africa. His bowling is particularly suited to the South African wickets

A BRASS-HATTED Frenchman, I can't remember who—I am not sure that I ever knew—once made the portentous remark, "c'est le premier pas qui coûte"; which, being interpreted into modern nocturnal English signifies, "it is the first cocktail that costs you the whole subsequent evening." For isn't it so? It is when the first dry Martini has eddied round the cockles of the heart (wherever they are), warming it up to take an interest in life, that invariably some injudicious remark such as "are you dining anywhere to-night—because if not I was thinking we might . . ." And bang goes—er—quite a lot of money.

So it is with an avid interest that some of us Bystanders have read lately in cold print (but not in this paper) a great deal about the exact cost of a night out in Town. £4 is apparently the price: while for £5 or £6 you can do the thing absolutely *en prince*. M-m. . . .

The moment I read this in an authoritative newspaper I buttonholed the first typical night-lighter I could find, sat him down in a corner, stood him one, cautioned him, told him to *think* [He said he supposed I was all *right*, but wasn't this all rather unnecessary?] and count up exactly what he had spent on taking her out last night from beginning to end. And this is what he said:—

"Do you mean *all in*? Good Lord, I don't know. Let's see now. I taxi-ed up to her flat for a cocktail (1s. 6d.). Taxi-ed back to dress at the club (1s. 6d.) . . . Let's take all the taxis and lump 'em together, it's simpler." They came to 11s. 9d. "We dined at the 'Diablerets.' The bill was £4 9s. 6d., including tips. We went on and danced for a bit at the 'Devil-may-Care.' I'm a member, she isn't. Bill there, all in, £1 10s. 6d. We finished up at the 'Waif and Stray'—good cabaret there, by the way—neither of us members, so slight wangle perpetrated with that objectionable feller at the door. That cost all together what with — er — green fees, twenty-eight shillings. I dropped her in Park Street about three this morning. What's all that come to? Oh, cloak room tips, half a second—yes, say half a crown. £8 2s. 3d. Does it? Yes, well it usually does somewhere about that. And if you go to a show there is another thirty bob shoved on. . . . What a life!" . . .

So that when one thinks of the figures in the cold inimical light of 2.30 in the afternoon and begins multiplying, etc., some astonishing facts are revealed. Of course, there are no possible means of arriving at any hard and fast figures on this interesting subject, because hundreds of different *kinds* of people are amusing themselves and each other in all the many ways the London lights offer—and there *are* some ladies (bless them!) who do not in the least mind the dress circle at the play, and going home directly afterwards!

But reflect for a moment on this river of money that is flowing into the small lake of Piccadilly Circus and its environs nightly. Then try to find out from one of the *maître d'hôtels* of these dance-restaurants what the average nightly takings are—and see how far you will get in your search for information. Not far. They don't at all like this probing into their financial pie. Here is a typical place—"La Maison Sans Nous," we will call it. It is having a vogue for the moment. The "moment" has been lasting a very considerable time as a matter of fact, and there seems no likelihood of a falling off in patronage even on the dim horizon, by the look of things. A hundred and sixty-eight dinners to-night. Most of them *à la carte*, and hefty withal—and you know what *that* means. People sit long over dinner here, and dancing makes them thirsty.

Presently, when the theatres disgorge their thousands, a big crowd will come on here. They have got nearly two hundred "bookings" for supper. They have refused over a hundred applications "for a table" for to-night. A normal night, too—in no sense a gala. Nearly everyone who comes will drink "fizz." Most of them will eat. It costs a pound to get into the room. Half an hour before the licensing guillotine drops upon the scene, highly trained waiters will move about the floor, smilingly reminding the host at each table that the liquid sands are running out. The said host panics forthwith—and orders.

Let us say, being *very* conservative, because those in the know won't divulge startling facts, and we can therefore only apply such knowledge as we have, and guess fairly shrewdly, three hundred people, contributing *per capita* thirty shillings—£450 nightly for the after-theatre custom alone, eliminating altogether the fat sum for the *recherché* dinners; 282 nights, excluding Sundays and the month of August—£126,900. Not so bad when you consider that one party of eight people rose from dinner here the other night to go on to "a party," the genial host having signed a bill for £49. "Nothing out of the way about *that*," as the manager smilingly told me.

And this is only *one* place. There are others doing likewise. When one thinks of it seriously, in a deck chair on the sands at the seaside (we are going to bed nightly at elevenish down here, "like sensible people"), one says "this is absurd, you know. I am having no more of this. I am cutting all this waste of money out. I'm through with it." . . . Until the autumn!

SKETCHES BY MAC

MR. G. B. LEGGE

Who, like Mr. Stevens, once captained Oxford. He is going on the South African tour, and there is a possibility of him captaining Kent in 1928

The Macnab.

by Sir Henry Raeburn R.A.

The original Picture the property of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.

A. E. Johnson

THE ANCHORITE

BY LAUREL TAYLER

Femina

A Holiday Cleaning Firm

By MRS. M. VINCE

How many people have inventories made of all the things in their houses? One is continually getting persuasive letters from firms of valuers pointing out the importance of inventories if one is to get full compensation from insurance companies for loss by burglary or fire. I wonder if many people are persuaded. There are fires and burglaries all about us—one can hardly open a newspaper without reading of them—yet we always feel that such calamities are all but impossible in our own houses. If we feel that, why do we insure? We are very illogical. We will go the length of insuring against them, remote though they seem; but they seem just too remote for us to go the length of having an inventory made as well. Yet inventories have other advantages besides protecting us against the doubts and suspicions of the insurance companies. They might help us—odd though it may seem—to escape that labour of wives and bugbear of husbands—the spring-cleaning.

Spring-cleaning now need no longer be done in the spring. So long as we burnt only coal and had chimneys to be swept when the winter was over, and the dust and smoke of six months of fires in the rooms, spring was the obvious time for cleaning and redecorating. But now it is only where there are radiators to soil the walls that there is any special reason for making spring the time for cleaning. With gas and electricity the house gets much less dirty in the winter than before, and it is worth considering if we cannot take advantage of this fact that spring cleaning need not be done in the spring.

There is another change of recent years which has a bearing on the same subject. When we take our summer holiday—and this brings us back to burglaries—we can no longer blithely close our houses. Somebody must remain to occupy them. If the maids take their holidays at the same time as ourselves, then a caretaker must be put in; but many people do not like to have strangers, however trustworthy, in their houses. If the maids remain the spring-cleaning can be done in the summer, while we are away on holiday, which is an advantage. But then there is the disadvantage that where there are only two maids they must take their holidays while we are at home.

Let us put together these apparently unconnected facts and see to what they lead. The first is that we are always being tempted to have inventories made of our houses. The second is that spring-cleaning need no longer be done in the spring. The third is that we no longer care to leave our houses empty when we are on holiday. The fourth is that there are disadvantages both in having caretakers and in leaving maids in charge.

"ON THE HANDS, DOWN!" *Raphael*

Tom and Laurie Devine, the well-known cabaret stars, photographed in a turn of somewhat acrobatic tendencies, which they performed in "Playtime at the Piccadilly." The cheery cabaret show of the Piccadilly Hotel continues to enjoy unbounded popularity

Taken all together, they lead to one conclusion only. What we want is caretaking made a regular business, and combined not only with spring-cleaning but with decorating—in fact, a holiday cleaning firm. Such a firm would take over the house from us when we went away on our holiday. It would be responsible for it during our absence, and during that absence it would do all the cleaning, decorating and repairs required. It would take up carpets and polish furniture; get blankets, curtains, loose-covers and eiderdowns cleaned; have the chimneys swept, the drains flushed, and the boilers emptied and cleaned. In fact, it would do the cleaning of the house much more thoroughly than is possible when one is living in it.

We should return to a clean house with nothing to do but check our possessions by the inventory, and check the work done by the firm's specification. There are, I know, housewives who feel that their houses cannot be properly spring-cleaned unless they look after it themselves. There are others who would hesitate to give over their house and possessions so completely to strangers. But such a firm, if it did its work well, would soon get confidence; and it would get confidence most quickly if it gave special care to those things, like polishing old furniture and washing old china, which the careful housewife feels will never be properly done except under her own eye.

It is a new business which I believe enterprising women might organise with great success. If it were well started the first firm would very quickly be followed by others, and in the end it might become as much a matter of course to have one's house cleaned in one's absence by a holiday cleaning firm as it has become to send all one's things to be washed at a laundry.

Spring-cleaning, as we know it, would disappear. But no doubt the name would remain. Years hence, perhaps, the curious will ask why "spring"? And the learned will write letters to the papers to explain the strange and most uncomfortable habit of their ancestors of having their houses decorated and cleaned while they were actually living in them.

What is the one sweet thought today? Why, the price of sugar!

. . . . . .

The League of Nations sounds very well. The League of Notions sounds more plausible. But the League of Nuisances is always with us.

. . . . . .

We have already made reference to the League of Nations. But in all seriousness will America enter or inter it?

SENSE AND SENTIMENT

MONGREL MANIA

By "THE KENNELMAN"

To-day (Wednesday) sees Alsatians on show at Birmingham, and Fox-Terriers at Manchester. Lady Kitty Vincent will be among the judges officiating at Ashford's Show on Friday. On the 13th there will be Shows at Richmond (Yorks) and Scarborough; the 17th, Barnstaple and Wallingford; 18th, Worcester; 20th, Derby; 24th, Reading; 31st, Maidstone; and others between whiles, of course, including a number of smallish (often very jolly) Shows at holiday resorts.

Twenty thousand visitors passed the turnstiles at a recent Dog Show in Algeria—a provincial Show at that. English Setters and Cockers were specially prominent. The summer Shows in Alsace-Lorraine and in Southern France have so far been good this year; plenty of Dogs, and good ones, too, but rather unscientific classification. The "Other Varieties" omnibus classes may save trouble, but don't make for the highest standards in breeding.

Neither, by the way, here in England does sentimentality regarding mongrels. We can't have too much of horse sense and kindly sentiment in dogdom; but sugary sentimentality, believe me, is more often detrimental than helpful. One of the main objects and virtues of Dog Shows is the education of the public eye and taste; demonstration of what is best in every breed; of what fine standards can be reached by means of sound breeding and correct rearing. Nobody wants to deny that as an individual a mongrel Dog may be, and often is, a most delightful chap. The most variegated cur is, of course, as much entitled to our courtesy and kindliness as the champions of his breed. But that's not to say we should encourage the propagation of mongrels, or hold up to admiration their inevitable and freakish lapses from racial type, any more than we should admire club feet or humpbacks in humans. There was a Show of mongrels the other day, with prizes for the ugliest, the most freakish, the most bandy-legged, etc. That's what "The Kennelman" calls sickly sentimentality. Imagine a Baby Show confined to degenerates and deformed infants! Of stray and homeless Dogs; of cruelly treated Dogs left to infest the highway, feeding on refuse and carrying disease and discredit to all, more than 90 per cent. are mongrels; animals possessed of no market value. The fewer the mongrels reared, the fewer will be the neglected and ill-treated Dogs; the better and happier the lives of Dogs generally. In some countries nine Dogs in every ten are mongrels, and their lives are a wretched nightmare.

Of the many little handbooks about Dogs, perhaps the best issued this year is "Hints on Dog Management," by Capt. Jocelyn Lucas, illustrated with typical photographs of Britain's best Dogs, and published by Cooper, McDougall and Robertson, of Berkhamsted, who, in the interests of Dogs and their owners, will send a copy to any of the latter who apply to them. The Dog portraits are specially good, and the veterinary advice sound and practical; an excellent little kennel book.

A reader in the Riviera writes:—"Now that the littlest Dogs, unjustly so-called 'Toys,' are more than ever in favour, I wonder why England neglects its own Miniature Black and Tan Terrier; as dapper, graceful and handy a little Dog as lives; decorative, too, and extremely popular here in Europe's pleasure grounds. As for the miniatures of foreign extraction, surely nothing can touch the sturdy little Griffon for distinguished quaintness. Shrewd, bearded, philosophic, in his grave way he's no end of a sport, *and* such a man of the world!"

CAMERA NOTES

OLD ENGLAND AT HER BEST

A typical old village in rural England. The photograph was taken at Bibury in the Cotswolds

Popular Colour Photography

To-day, for the first time, one is able to begin to speak of colour photography as a popular hobby without the uncomfortable feeling that one is stretching the facts. For years past, colour photography by means of the Autochrome plate has come well within the sphere of the amateur photographer, but only of the "serious amateur," who was ready to face a rather fearsome set of complications. Now, however, the case is clearly altered.

Roll-Film Colour Pictures

Like ordinary photography in the early days of the dry plate and stand camera, colour photography has hitherto remained the close preserve of a select band of skilled enthusiasts. But, from such a beginning, photography has grown to become the hobby of multitudes, as a consequence of the advent of the small hand-camera with its daylight-loading roll-film and the trade developing and printing services. Exactly this same step has now been achieved in colour photography, and though colour photography will doubtless be hampered by its inevitably greater expense, he would be a bold man who would attempt to set limits to the possibilities that are opened up by this latest innovation in colour photography. This new development has originated in Germany, where the Lignose roll-films and film-packs for natural-colour images first made their appearance as a commercial article a few weeks ago. Already these new materials are penetrating into the photographic dealers' establishments in London and the provincial cities. The Lignose materials for colour photography are not, in principle, a radical innovation, for they are closely analogous with the well-known Autochrome and Agfa colour screen-plates. The essential difference is that the new materials use flexible celluloid film as base, instead of sheet glass, and are made up in the form of daylight-loading roll-films or film-packs to fit standard cameras.

Push the Button . . .

Certain of the advantages are obvious, but the full significance of this difference is not at once apparent. First, the new materials cut out at one stroke practically all the complications and pitfalls entailed in the use of colour plates, so that any amateur accustomed to using a roll-film or film-pack camera can now take up colour photography in light-hearted and confident fashion. In handling these colour materials he will follow exactly his usual practice in snapshot photography, except that he must fit a colour-filter (supplied with a neat spring clip) upon the camera lens and must invariably estimate his exposures with a meter. Even this is unexpectedly simple, for the usual roll-film exposure meter is used in a quite normal manner, with the only difference that the exposure reading is read as fractions of a minute instead of fractions of a second.

. . . And We Do the Rest

Still more vital is the fact that the user of the new materials will be able to expose his spools, hand them over the counter for development and return for the finished colour pictures in a few days. Clearly, with the coming of Lignose materials the era of popular colour photography may be said to be dawning.

T. L. J. Bentley.

Tickling Throat

Who wants to hear the cock crow? It's a sign you're awake when you shouldn't be.

But a tickling throat won't be denied and breaks your sleep at unearthly hours.

Let an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille dissolve on the tongue at bedtime and sleep in uninterrupted comfort.

There will be no more 'tickling throat' that night.

Your Chemist stocks them.

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SUMMER

THE RIGHT DIET FOR YOUR DOG.!!!

Dogs have their funny little ways like human beings! For instance, dogs appreciate a change of diet. They can't tell you so, but they hate heavy stodgy foodstuffs at the best of times . . . and never more so than when the weather is hot.

The ideal summer diet for dogs of every breed is 'OSOKO'—the paramount dog food. The dainty toothsome morsels of appetising white biscuit, blended with just the right proportion of meat satisfies their hunger without overloading the stomach.

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Wave AND Curl WITH Hindes Hair Wavers YOUR Shingled Hair

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"As good as new!" The frock that has paid a visit to Achille Serre, Ltd., the famous cleaners and dyers

companion, narrow black braiding giving a checked effect to the yellow top. Worn with it is a graceful chenille wrap, bordered with fringe, which at 59*s.* 6*d.* can be obtained in all manner of lovely colours and designs. A new feature of a smart silk stockinette affair with striped bodice, obtainable in black and white, black and orange, and black and jade, is that it has a *brassière* attached. A delightful suit of cotton milanese in black and white and various colours (also with *brassière*) is extraordinarily reasonable at 18*s.* 9*d.*, the same model in silk milanese costing 39*s.* 6*d.* Wool stockinette "swimmers" in all colours, with the fashionable scalloped edging, cost 18*s.* 6*d.*, and for those who prefer tunic effects there is a delightful model, braid-trimmed, at the same price.

A Holiday Problem

White and all the pastel shades are fashionable to-day for dancing, for sport, indeed, for any and every occasion, carried out in supple, delicate fabrics that soil all too easily. So how to keep the wardrobe fresh and dainty, especially during the "General Post" of the holiday season, when packing as well as hard wear takes toll of it, presents a problem that can only be solved with the help of a really reliable cleaner. Achille Serre, Ltd., the famous dyers and cleaners, quick, thorough, and absolutely dependable, have agents and branches in practically every town, so it is an easy matter to take advantage of their excellent service. Every well-dressed woman does! That is one of the more important of her secrets! And another is that she has already sent off sundry garments to be dyed the new autumn shades!

That Cash's Wash Ribbons need not be removed when lingerie is washed is joyous news for the busy woman

Sketches by Booda

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(*Continued on page* viii)

Exhausting Work *and* Virol-and-Milk

SERGE LIFAR PHOTOGRAPHED REHEARSING. *Photo by Lenare.*

BEHIND THE SCENES *at the* RUSSIAN BALLET

It is only when one talks to the Stars of the Russian Ballet off the stage that one realises the secret of their charm. They are artists on the stage and off. They are as devoted to music and painting as to dancing. They are great artistic personalities and they live for their Art.

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SOME ATTRACTIVE FISH DISHES

FISH CREAM OR MOUSSE.
SOLE À LA COLBERT.
HOT LOBSTER IN ITS SHELL.
WHITEBAIT.

Fish Cream or Mousse

THIS may be made in two ways, but the fish must be prepared in the same way for each. It may be either cooked or uncooked. The former takes less time because it is easier to rub through a sieve, which is the first process. It can then be seasoned, mixed with a good white sauce and one or two eggs, put into small moulds and poached or steamed in a saucepan and served hot with some delicate sauce. Or the piece of fish may be mixed with equal quantities of Béchamel sauce and strong aspic jelly; in this case it is gently cooked in the sauce, rubbed through the sieve, again mixed with the jelly, and served, prettily decorated, in china or paper cases. Salmon is particularly nice cooked as above.

Sole à la Colbert

Fry a boned sole. When done, fill the cavity inside with Maître d'Hôtel butter prepared as follows: Put 4 oz. of butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a finely minced onion or shallot, and a little salt and pepper into a basin; beat to a stiff cream, then add by degrees a little lemon-juice. Send the sole to table with Maître d'Hôtel sauce served separately in a tureen. *Maître d'Hôtel Sauce.*—To a gill of white sauce add a little Worcester sauce, a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper, the juice of half a lemon and a little nutmeg. Make very hot and serve.

Hot Lobster in its Shell

A medium-sized lobster, an ounce of butter, juice of half a lemon, seasoning of pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of fresh white breadcrumbs. Cut the lobster in half and lightly butter the two shells. Cut the meat in small dice and mix it with half the butter broken small, lemon juice and seasoning. Fill the shells with the mixture, adding a thin layer of breadcrumbs and the rest of the butter in tiny pieces. Bake in rather a sharp oven about ten minutes until lightly browned, and serve very hot.

Whitebait

These are delicious if properly cooked, and not difficult to do, as is generally supposed. The principal thing is to have the oil hotter than for any other kind of fish. Wash the fish and leave them wrapped in a dry cloth for ten minutes. Roll them in seasoned flour, shake them, and place them in a frying basket. Plunge this into very hot oil and fry for three or four minutes until the fish are crisp. Shake a little to separate them. Sprinkle with salt and very little cayenne. Serve on a dish garnished with parsley and lemon; also serve brown bread and butter and cut lemon on a plate.

EMILIA.

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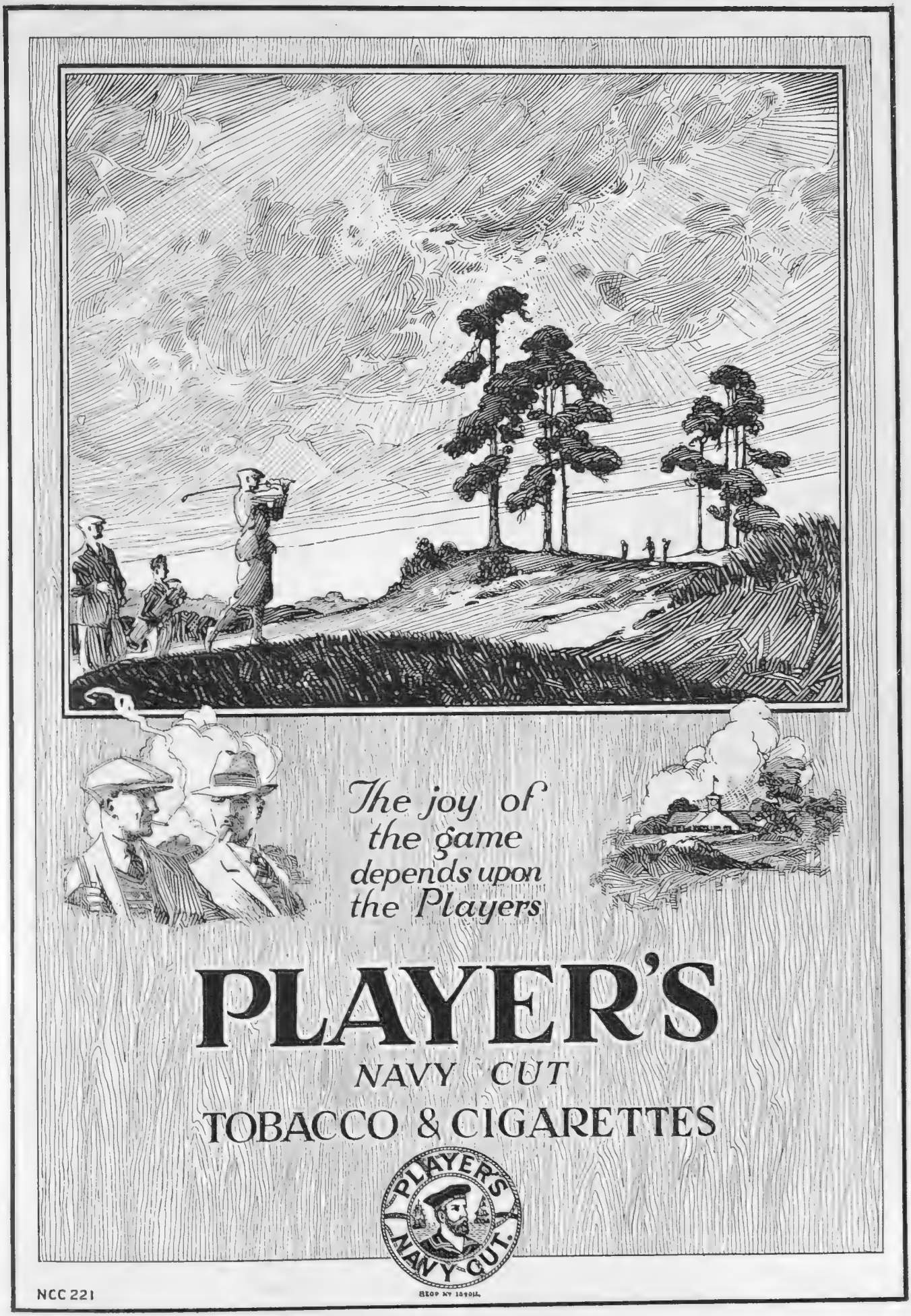
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NCC 221

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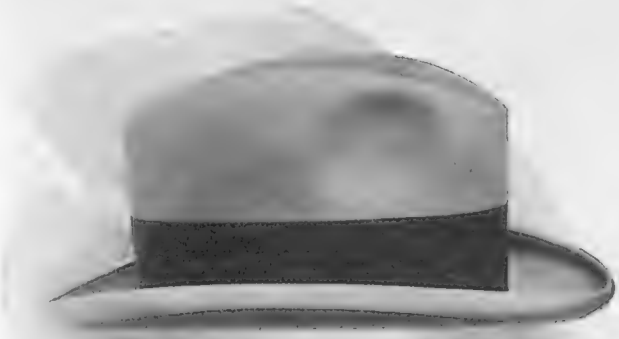

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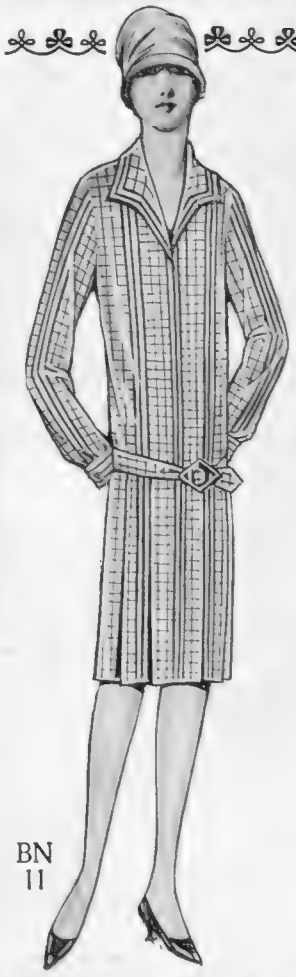

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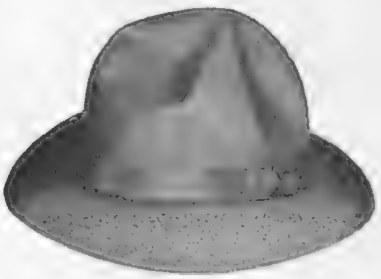

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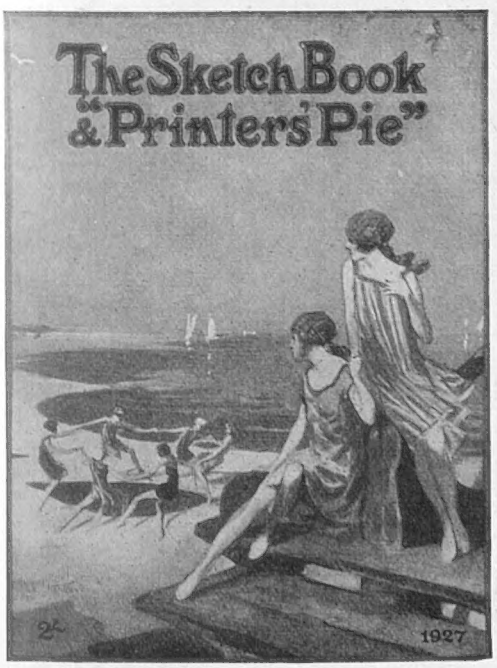

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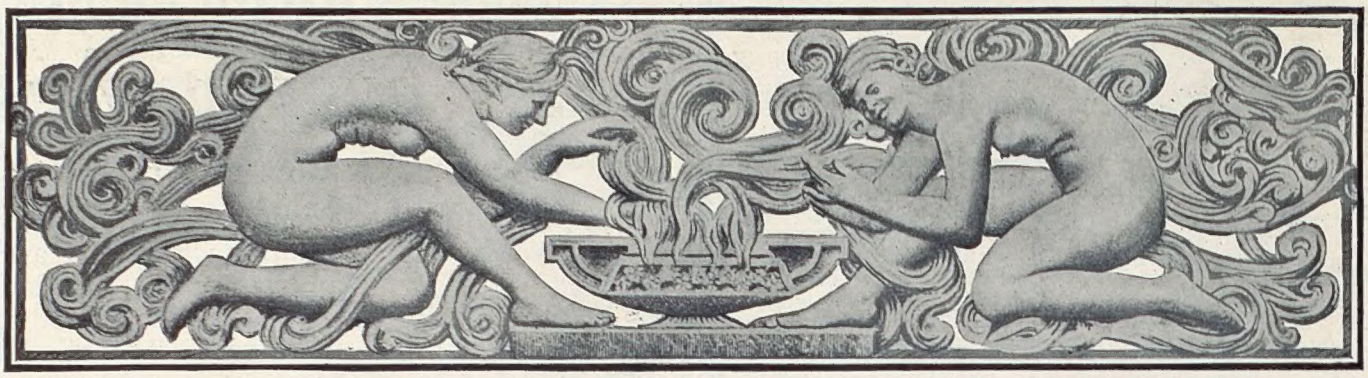

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